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THE
FRENCH ADVENTURER;
OR,
MEMOIRS
OF
GREGOIRE MERVEIL.

к нити пеньки

RENCH ADVANCE

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STANDARD

THE
FRENCH ADVENTURER;

OR,
MEMOIRS

OF
GREGOIRE MERVEIL,
MARQUIS D'ERBEUIL.

TRANSLATED
FROM THE FRENCH OF M. LE SUIRE.

Per varios casus, et tot discrimina rerum
Venimus.

VIRG.

IN THREE VOLUMES.
VOL. II.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR JOHN BEW,
No. 28, Paternoster Row.

1791.

THE
FRENCH ADVENTURER

MEMOIRS

GREGOIRE MERVILLE

MARQUIS D'ARRENT

TRANSLATED

FROM THE FRENCH BY



IN THREE VOLUMES

TOM. II.

LONDON:

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No. 25, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1831.

THE
FRENCH ADVENTURER.

BOOK. VI.

IMMEDIATELY after dinner, *Madame de Bonneville* (that was the name of my benefactress) made me get into her carriage, and took me to the convent of my *Julie*. The old portress, who had seen me so frequently in the monkish habit, had *fallen asleep in the Lord*; that is to say, according to the pious style of these houses, she was dead. Nobody could know me again. My protectress said to the Prioress, "Here is a young lady "about whom I interest myself; I re-

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B

"commend

“ commend her to you as my own
“ daughter ; I will serve her as a mo-
“ ther ; she will, in the course of time,
“ make you acquainted with her fa-
“ mily ; I beg you will dispense with
“ her doing so at present.” My pro-
tectress was very well known in the
convent ; I was received with open
arms. I palpitated with joy, which must
have spread colour and embarrassment
upon my face. The Prioress did not
fail to take my trouble for modesty.
Madame de Bonneville embraced me ; I
quitted her with feelings of sensibility ;
I passed the inner gate, and here I was
in the convent.

All at once I saw myself surrounded
by a swarm of nuns who honoured me
with their chaste caresses ; from there I
was conducted to the apartments of the
boarders, and there fell upon me three
score young girls, amongst whom many
were

were pretty, who all embraced me with innocence, and to whom I returned it with all my heart.

What I was most eagerly bent upon, was to see my *Julie*, who suspected nothing. I sought for her on every side; at last, I perceived her at the bottom of the garden. I cried out; “Ah! ladies, “I’ll look at your garden:”—“We “are going to take you there;” said all the boarders.—“No, I beg, young “ladies, I’ll go alone;” interrupted I. Instantly I darted forward, and the most nimble could not follow me.

I was already at the bottom of the garden, while several were still upon the stairs. On approaching my *Julie*, a trembling seized me; she was walking with a touching and thoughtful air, “She is thinking of me,” said I to myself panting. I passed beside her, I made

her a courtesy, which she returned without looking at me; I repassed, another courtesy; she regarded me, and remained motionless; then, as if saying to herself, "that cannot be," she continued her way. I repassed, she again regarded me; I fixed her with love, she turned pale, she trembled. I flew to her; I clasped her in my arms: "Ah! my *Julie*," said I.—— "Unfortunate," said she, "what come you to do here?"——"To get you out," cried I, "or else live here with you."——"Ah! my dear *Merveil*," rejoined she tenderly, "thou lovest me, I see; but to what danger dost thou expose us both!" She then regarded me with fondness, and by degrees fainted away in my arms. The boarders joined me; I cried out:—— "Here's one of your nuns fainting."—— "Alas!" said they to me, "for some time past that happens to her every day. The poor girl! she's wasting
"visibly."

“visibly.” I was not willing that any other than myself should conduct her to her bed. I carried my *Julie* in my arms, her head leaning upon my shoulder, her face turned towards mine. I sucked in her breath; she was in a state of languor caused by the love she bore me. How moved was I! I carried her up to her cell; I laid her down upon her little bed; and seated myself near her. The nuns and the boarders, who perhaps had been offended at the swiftness of my race, now found me very compassionate; one impression corrected the other, and every thing went on as well as possible.

Although incommoded by the presence of so many witnesses, I nevertheless gave a free scope to my love. I expressed to my *Julie* the most tender interest; I exhorted her to take courage, with the most pathetic air. At length,

to make her revive more efficaciously, I ventured to give her a few kisses. I embraced my beloved before the nuns, and they admired my charity.

Julie, embarrassed by my careffes, came to herself again very quick. We did not, in time, want opportunities to be often *tête-à-tête*. She would not see me at first; she ordered me, in the name of the love she had for me, to quit the convent as soon as possible; if not, she threatened to denounce me. I defied her, telling her that she would not have the power to do me so much harm. Religion struggled in her heart against love. She prayed a great deal, and was only the more tender on that account. She soon grew so tame as to talk to me familiarly; at the end of some days, our love showed itself so openly, that they already called us the two inseparables; but they took our affection for friendship,

ship, and that had a very good effect. I passed in this manner some time very agreeably; but this could not last long.

Mademoiselle de Mirville, one of our boarders, a tall well-made girl, and of a very interesting countenance, conceived so violent a fondness for me as even to become almost mad. She showed me kindnesses with such an excess, as she was not sensible of herself. (Without doubt the influence of my sex operated through my cloths.) She told me ingenuously that never woman had pleased her so much as me; that she found in me a certain air of frankness, and a manly *je ne sais quoi* that enchanted her; and that she did not conceive it was possible for her to love a man more ardently.

I own that her innocent caresses inflamed me. My heart might in vain belong to my secret mistress, my body

I was very much moved when it found itself in the arms of *Mademoiselle de Mirville*. She frankly avowed to me that she was jealous of the friendship I had for *Julie*, to whom I granted a very marked preference. *Julie*, on her side, without wishing to express any thing was piqued when she saw me continually embraced by her rival. Besides she perceived that these marks of tenderness did not give me any pain, and at this she groaned. These two young persons, were the two intimates previous to my arrival; but jealousy was not long before it broke out. They at first redoubled their friendship towards each other, in order to mutually conceal their growing aversion. But at last their spite became the stronger. At the expiration of a few days, their coolness was very visible; and the rupture would soon have burst forth, had it not been for the extreme gentleness of my *Julie*, truly incomparable girl.

I had

I had obtained, with much difficulty, a chamber to sleep alone; but they would not grant me one that locked. The nuns, being obliged to watch over a young lady like me, chose to reserve to themselves the liberty of coming to surprise me when they pleased. One evening, that I was just laid down, my light not being yet extinguished, *Mademoiselle de Mirville* entered, and would absolutely share my bed; it was to no manner of purpose I represented to her that the habit of lying alone had given me a repugnance to suffering a bed-fellow; she paid no attention to my remonstrances; she undressed herself, and darted like an arrow into my bed. She immediately squeezed me in her arms and loaded me with her usual caresses. Judge of the situation I was in, finding myself, at eighteen, at such a feast. However I must either have betrayed myself, and been unfaithful to my *Julie*,

or resolve to play the part of a girl. I had this power; but what embarrassment to conceal it, and hide my sex!

The light was not yet extinguished; I found myself in the perplexity which too much good fortune occasioned me. *Julie* entered; she saw me in the arms of her rival. She glanced at me an affecting regard, and retired, with grief in her soul. I leaped out of bed to stop her, but she got away. I wanted to follow her into the gallery, at the risk of being met in a state in which my sex might betray itself. *Mademoiselle de Mirville* held me, and led me back to bed.

I made her then feel, with the greatest possible force, the inconvenience that resulted from the participation of my bed, from which I would willingly have dispensed her; I made her promise not to return to it any more; I gave her a
kiss,

kiss, and she fell asleep. As for me, I could not possibly close my eyes; my soul was in disorder, and my body quite on fire.

I got up very early. I went to find my *Julie*; she was kneeling, with her face leaning upon her bed, her body motionless; I entered respectfully, as into a temple, without making the smallest noise. I perceived tears were flowing from her fine eyes; I went down on my knees beside her. "O my *Julie*," said I to her in a sorrowful tone, "can you bear me any hatred? Have I offended my *Julie*?" She regarded me with a tender and languishing eye, and again leant her face upon her bed; I spoke to her with so penetrated an accent, that she at last consented to answer me. She deigned to make me some reproaches, but they were so tender, so modest, that my love redoubled, if it be possible.

possible. I kissed her beautiful hand; I wept with her, and both on our knees, we mutually clasped each other with a gentle embrace. We remained in this situation some minutes. What night, passed with the finest woman, was ever so voluptuous as this cherished moment.

I showed some coolness to *Mademoiselle de Mirville*, in order to prevent her from coming to embarrass me in my bed. Far from being angry, I found her humble and tender; she did nothing but ask me pardon; she no longer ventured to approach her lips to my face; she contented herself with kissing my hands, and I could not help being affected.

In the agitation which so many strange scenes caused me, and under the apprehension of being surprised in my bed by *Mademoiselle de Mirville*, I passed several
nights

nights without closing my eyes. At length nature prevailed, and I fell into a sound sleep. I felt myself bewildered in the most flattering dreams; it seemed to me that I was in the arms of my *Julie*, loaded with her caresses; I was in those of her rival. This ardent girl had profited by my sleep to surprise me: she was embracing me with her wonted innocence; my temperament acted in spite of my drowsiness. She discovered my sex, cried out, "*Ab wretch!*" and jumped out of my bed. I woke: I saw her furious; I divined the reason. I fell at her feet; "My life is in your hands, *Mademoiselle*," said I to her; "You know if I have ever failed in the respect I owe you. You know if, in spite of your too powerful charms, I have not had the force and the prudence to avoid, as much as possible, kindnesses which your ignorance of my sex made you lavish upon me. If you think yourself

injured,

“injured, *Mademoiselle*, revenge your-
“self. Pierce this heart which you
“have loved. I will kiss your beauti-
“ful hand in dying by your blows.”

“Cruel!” replied she, “to dare to
“outrage me to this degree!”.....and
“thy precious *Julie*!.....a woman
“bound by solemn vows!”——“Ah!
“*Mademoiselle*,” cried I, “respect *Julie*.
“*lie*, she is innocent.”——“What in-
“nocence!” rejoined she, “I am no
“longer astonished at the jealousy she
“showed: ’tis thy love for her that
“made me hated.” I defended my-
self with eloquence, I had an advocate
in her heart. “Ah traitor,” said she,
“thou too well knowest thy ascendancy
“over me.”

She had seated herself upon my bed,
I was at her feet, and was kissing her
hands:——*Julie* was going to matins;
she

she heard somebody talking in my chamber; she entered, and saw me in this attitude: she let fall her taper.

“Ah! my scrupulous Madam,” said my rival to her in fury, “this is then that
“saint who disguises her lover as a girl
“to make him live with her, and who
“comes to pass the night with him!
“Don’t be jealous, my pretty child;
“I have done you no wrong; I know
“not how to take the same liberties as
“you.”

My heart bled; *Julie* fell, like me, upon her knees before her rival; she kissed her feet shedding a torrent of tears.

“*Mademoiselle*,” said she, “have pity
“on me; your soul is good, you have
“known mine, we have been friends.
“You know whether I am capable
“of abandoning myself to wicked-
“ness, or doing any thing that merits
“your vengeance. Heaven hears me;

“if

“ if you love the unfortunate youth now
“ here, may I be able to procure you
“ his heart and his hand, to see you hap-
“ py together, and expiate by my tears
“ the remainder of my life, at the foot of
“ the altar, the misfortune I have had
“ to be born with sensibility !

She could say no more; she remained with her mouth fastened upon the naked foot of her friend, as if waiting for her sentence. *Mademoiselle de Mirville* was softened. “ Go, Madam,” said she to her. “ go to your matins, pray God
“ and fulfil the duties of your profession.
“ fear nothing from me for the mo-
“ ment; I choose that we may hereafter
“ have some explanations, and I will
“ govern myself upon the information I
“ shall gather.” *Julie* got up. My heart was rent by her humiliation, her torments, and her grief: I rose like her, I involuntarily clasped her in my arms ;
and,

and, in a lamentable tone, I exclaimed, "O my *Julie*!" The unfortunate girl sighed, and went away in silence.

My rival saw my love for her, and again became furious; she threatened me to reveal all; I was forced to pacify her anew. I neither neglected prayers, tears, genuflections, nor careffes; nothing softened her; she told me that the warmth of my entreaties, only made her feel the ardour of my passion for *Julie*. I no longer saw but one method of calming her; this was to render myself still more culpable. Ought I to show myself entirely to the Reader in an unfavourable light, by displaying a shameful triumph, to which was opposed the strongest resistance? I ought at least to give an account of my remorse. This was the first time of my being truly the aggressor; I have always desired to be virtuous; and I have

I have never known how to erect into a glorious exploit that which, in fact, appears to be a fault, and often even a crime.

After some moments passed amidst a cruel intoxication, we fell asleep in each other's arms. As they could always open the door of my chamber, *Julie* returned thither, and surprised us in this situation; the unfortunate retired in silence, with her heart full of woe, and went away to cry at the further end of her cell. *Mademoiselle de Mirville* quit-
ted me more amorous than ever: but she forbade me, in the most absolute tone, ever to see *Julie* again in private. I knew not what to do; I dreaded the vengeance of offended jealousy.

The two rivals saw each other in public at the recreation. The cruel *Mirville* affected to recite the traits of vengeance
of

of the nuns, who had shut up, for life, different sisters in what they call a dungeon, for having surprised them with men. Each boarder related the history of some unfortunate nun that had immediately disappeared, after some fault with which they had to reproach her. None doubted but that these victims were shut up in subterraneous prisons. The enemy of *Julie*, detailed, with circumstances the most frightful, the horror of this punishment; a history of this sort had been related to her, she said, by one of these unfortunate women, whose dungeon, by a happy chance, had been opened by some masons, in digging the foundation of a palace for the *Prince de Vaudemont*. *Julie* turned pale, and my heart bled for her.

At last, one evening, she came to me all trembling, "Ah! my dear *Mer-veil*," said she, "we are undone." I began

began to tremble myself. "I have
"descended," continued she, "into a
"very deep cave, I there found a little
"door quite rotten, which opened on
"my knocking against it. This open-
"ing led me to a labyrinth of turnings
"and windings, then to a little staircase,
"which I went down, supporting my-
"self with difficulty. At the bottom of
"this subterraneous place, I heard
"groans ascending from underneath
"my feet. In the middle of this se-
"pulchral dungeon, I distinguished a
"round hole stopped up with three
"iron bars. It seemed to me that I saw
"through the bars a wretched victim
"who was in a vault still lower down,
"like a well. She threw herself on
"her knees, shrieking dreadfully, and
"stretching out her arms to me; she
"was at such a depth, and her voice
"was so feeble, that I was not able to
"distinguish what she said to me, but I
"I recognized

“I recognized the voice of poor mother *Saint Marie* who has disappeared not long since. I had not strength to answer a word, and I ran away; ah! my friend! what will become of us!”

Julie was unable to say any more; her face bore the marks of the greatest terror. I judged that her imagination, struck by the frightful recitals she had heard, might have made this an illusion; for I could not bring myself to believe that, in the convents, such cruelties are committed. I groaned a great deal with her; I ventured to tell her that the only means we had left, to avoid a similar fate, was to make our escape. This idea made her shudder at first, but by degrees she grew reconciled to it.

The jealousy of *Mademoiselle de Mirville* threw me into continual uneasiness and agonies. *Julie* slept neither day nor night;

night; and I felt that the mine would be sprung the first moment. It was necessary to anticipate the stroke, and escape with my love: but I was without money, and nothing equalled my cruel perplexity. They came and announced to me *Madame de Bonneville*: I flew to the parlour. "Let me embrace thee, my dear friend," said she to me with the most joyful air. I accommodated myself as well as I could, to receive through the grate a chaste kiss. Hold," said she, "there are two hundred *louis* and the remainder of thy "twenty thousand *livres* in bills of exchange." I took with one hand the two hundred *louis*, with the other the bills of exchange, and remained stupified. "Me, twenty thousand *livres*!" said I quite amazed.—"Yes, my "child," rejoined my adorable benefactress; "I put in for thee a simple ticket "in the *Loterie de Piété*, the great prize "is come to thy share; I have procured thee

“thee a tolerably decent portion, and
“thou seest it has not cost me much for
“that.”——“O my adorable mother!”
cried I from the bottom of my heart. I
could say no more. She read my grati-
tude in my eyes; I kissed with transport
her fostering hand. “I think I have
“made one person happy,” said she to
me, “and that thou art not ungrateful;
“I am too well paid: adieu, my child,
“I am in a hurry.” She quitted me with
joy and love in her eyes. Excellent
woman! the goodness of her heart sof-
tened me to such a degree, that, full of
this idea, I was some time without re-
flecting that this money of the great
prize furnished me the means of get-
ting *Julie* and myself out of slavery.

At last I made this reflection, and ex-
claimed, “O my *Julie*! I have where-
“withal to release thee from the fetters,
“and proceed with thee to the end of the
“world!”

" world !.... Then all of a sudden remorse
 " seized me. " But, O God ! " said I to
 " myself, " what use do I make of the
 " present of this heavenly woman ? I
 " carry off a girl consecrated to the Lord,
 " and I propose to myself to live with
 " her in an intercourse that is criminal
 " in the eyes of religion ! And myself,
 " who am I ? where am I ? Excellent
 " woman ; where has she placed her fa-
 " vours ? But the life of *Julie* and mine
 " are at stake ; and besides, are we not the
 " victims of violence ? Our tyrants must
 " be answerable for our crimes ; and
 " we cannot be culpable in regaining
 " our rights and our liberty."

There was no room for hesitating, nor
 no time to be lost ; I went and found
 " my *Julie* ; I recounted to her my good
 fortune ; I then said to her in a firm
 " tone : " My dear friend, we must fly
 " from the last strokes of tyranny ; we
 " are

“are lost if we remain here two days
“longer; your rival will divulge all;
“she has perhaps already done so. They
“are already preparing the tomb in
“which you are to be buried alive.
“Your vows extorted by violence, are
“null, as well as mine. Nothing is sac-
“cred but our love; God authorizes it;
“he has sent me wherewithal to get our
“vows broken and make me live with
“my *Julie*; his order is not equivocal.
“We ought to obey Heaven, save our
“liberty, our life, and make the happi-
“ness of each other.”

Julie had not power nor courage to answer me a single word. I told her that I was going to prepare every thing, and I accordingly went out; I hastened to find my former landlady, who had the greatest difficulty to recollect me in my woman's dress. “Prepare me,” said I to her, “against to-morrow two

“rooms and a good supper. I shall
“come and spend a few days here with
“a young man a friend of mine; but
“above all observe the strictest secrecy.
“You see how I disguise myself not to
“be known.” I gave her two *louis*; she
embraced me, and promised me that
every thing should be ready without
fail.

I provided myself with two suits of
men's cloths, one for *Julie*, the other for
myself. I hired a servant whom I or-
dered to be the next day at six o'clock
in the evening, at a little distance from
the convent, with a hackney coach. It
struck me that I had seen this fellow I
know not where; it was one of those
common faces one sees every where;
perhaps he resembled a certain brother
that I had seen but once in my convent,
and of whom I had but a confused idea.
As for the rest I paid no great attention
to

to this servant ; a being of that sort was not calculated to occupy for any length of time a mind full of *Julie*.

I returned home pretty late; they were in the refectory; but *Julie*, very far from having any appetite, had remained in her cell. I went and found her there; I gave her the dress she was to put on, and said to her in a decided tone: “ Hold yourself ready for to-morrow at six o’clock in the evening.” (There was the next day what they call a breach in the convent, because a new Abbess took possession.) I was sensible that it was easy for us to get away, in the crowd that was to fill the whole house upon this occasion. *Julie* trembled, turned pale, and wept: I was moved like herself, and I gathered, for the first time, upon her beautiful mouth, a delicious kiss.

C ,

Though

Though wholly my *Julie's*, I was obliged to pass the night *tête-à-tête* with her rival, who never appeared to me so tender and so seducing. She was an enchanting mortal; but *Julie* was a divinity.

The next day the crowd was immense, as I had foreseen. *Julie* trembled from head to foot during the whole day. She came to me, squeezed my hand tenderly as a protector's, and seemed to put herself humbly under my auspices. She even kissed my hand: dear *Julie*! At length the moment approached: I went and shut myself up alone with her; I had very soon cast off my silly woman's cloths; I was in the twinkling of an eye clothed in those of my sex. I assisted the tender *Julie* in dressing herself like me. My hand trembled, and my heart palpitated in this sweet office.

At

At last the day beginning to close, I gave a kiss to my *Julie*, who made the prettiest little *Aeonis*; I presented her my arm, I led her into the crowd, and dragged her through the tides of the multitude, who paid us not the smallest attention. We passed close beside *Mademoiselle de Mirville*. The wretch was relating our history to a nun, and we were going to be discovered that very evening. She ogled us in passing: we both trembled. Happily it was already very dark, and she could not recognise me, never having seen me as a man, and being apprized of nothing. A part of the crowd driving upon us separated us from her, and diverted her attention, which was mechanically fixing itself upon me. At last we reached the door, and here we are in the street.

Julie raised her eyes to heaven, and addressed thither a short prayer. I

made her fly like a swallow: we soon found our hackney coach. I had informed my servant what coat I should have on, and by what signal he would know me; he was holding the carriage door open. I took up my *Julie*, threw her into the coach, darted in after her; and drive on, coachman. I took her dear hand in mine; I gave her a kiss: she was quite bewildered; she could not pronounce a word, and seemed to pray inwardly. We arrived at our landlady's who received us with open arms. She ushered us to our apartment, where every thing was ready, good table and good fire. I placed my *Julie* in an arm-chair; I seized, to embrace her, the moment in which the servant was gone to fetch the supper, and I said to her "O my *Julie*! O my love, my wife! At last thou art mine, and I am thine for ever." She regarded me, and by degrees she came to herself.

We

We supped with a pretty good appetite. *Tête-à-tête* with my *Julie*, I made a delicious fare. My tall rascal of a servant, called *La Jaunisse*, seemed to observe us very attentively, with a jocose, and at the same time an inauspicious air. *Julie* appeared to me terrified, every time that she cast her eyes upon him. To enliven and revive her, I sent for a bottle of sparkling *Champagne*. I found in it a particular taste which I could not define. *Julie* would not drink any of it. I prevailed on her, by mere dint of entreaties, to drink some. I imagined that this mettlesome wine would animate her. I perceived, on the contrary, that, at every glass, she seemed more dejected; her eyes closed in spite of herself. I attributed this heaviness to the fatigue and inquietude that had prevented her, as well as me, from sleeping for several nights. I felt myself under a similar oppression, and I thought

it was owing to the same reason. However I was justly surprised to find myself sleepy by the side of my *Julie*, in the first moment of my being at liberty and *tête-à-tête* with her. My eyes were shutting continually : every time that I succeeded in re-opening them, I saw those of my rascal untowardly fixed upon me. I found nothing natural in my drowsiness. At last *Julie* fell asleep in good earnest, and I was not long before I did the same. I have never slept so soundly ; and God alone, perhaps, knows how long this unfortunate sleep lasted.

END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

THE
FRENCH ADVENTURER.

BOOK VII.

I AT length awoke, quite benumbed, quite frozen. I reproached myself with having thus fallen asleep before my *Julie*, and having let her go to bed alone, thinking myself still at table. I was surprised to see no light. I felt myself quite naked and in the dark; my hands were weighty and painful. I fumbled about; I thought I touched some irons that enchained me, and I withdrew my hand with horror. I called *Julie*; my voice re-echoed, as if under an arch. It seemed to me that I was seated upon a

stone, with my feet in the water ; I put my hand to them, and withdrew it quite wet. "*Where am I?*" cried I. I felt something like beasts, reptiles crawling over my face and all my body. "O my God !" said I to myself, "Am I awake ? am I asleep ? am I living ? am I dead ? and "*my Julie !*" resumed I with a lamentable tone. The vault alone answered me, groaning.

I rubbed my eyes, I got up desperate ; I felt the weight, and heard the noise of my chains ; my feet were soaking in the water. "*Heaven ! it is but too true,*" said I to myself ; and I struck my forehead furiously. Little by little my eyes grew accustomed to the darkness of this place ; I discovered by degrees some glimmer ; a glimmer that drove me to despair, and confirmed to me the certainty and horror of my situation ! I saw the water, the cavern, the irons, every

every thing unfolded itself to my melancholy looks. I perceived that I was really shut up stark naked in a subterraneous cave, with my feet in the water, and my hands loaded with irons. I saw leaping about me, and upon me, toads, lizards and other venomous insects. The light at last lighted me enough to make me distinguish opposite to me, upon the wall, some large letters; I read these words: FOR LIFE. Frightful inscription! At this sight, I shrieked out, I struck my head, and cursed my existence.

On reflecting that I was in a subterraneous place, in what they call a dungeon, and that I was buried there for life, according to the inscription; I recalled to my mind all that had been told me of the vengeance of the monks; I was sensible that I was fallen into their powerful hands, and I shuddered with

horror. But how had this misfortune happened to me? I recollected the wicked attention with which the servant *La Faunisse* had observed me; I remembered to have seen him at my convent: I thought of the involuntary drowsiness into which *Julie* and myself had fallen; and I doubted not but this rascal was the informer, who must have given me up to the monks during the sleep into which he had, undoubtedly, plunged me by some soporifick potion. At this idea, my hair stood on end.

“ But my *Julie*,” cried I immediately, “ my *Julie* is also betrayed; she “ is in the hands of those infamous har- “ ridans of nuns; she is buried alive like “ myself; ’tis I who have plunged her “ into this gulph.” At this new idea, a shivering seized me, and I fell from my seat of stone. The dear soul! from the violence of the torment I suffered, I
had

had passed near half an hour without thinking of her. What remorse I felt at this, when she again came to present herself to my imagination!

I remained a long time as if stupified by the excess of my griefs; I closed my eyes, and called upon death. A something, I knew not what, fell from the vault splashing me, and drew me from my insensibility. I opened my eyes; I thought I discovered that it was a loaf. I was convinced this would be the pittance which would be thrown me every day through a hole I perceived in the vault, and that I should have no other food. I trembled for fear I should, for beverage, be forced to content myself with the dirty water in which my feet were soaking; but I observed in a corner a little cistern, the cock of which I turned, and which supplied me with water to quench my thirst.

One

One conceives whether I was likely to have an appetite. "Ah! let us leave there," said I, "this odious support. let us hasten our death, instead of retarding it." At these words I kicked away the bread with indignation. "But" resumed I, "ought I to suffer myself to die with hunger, without trying at least to get out of this horrible abode? No, I must live, and be revenged, and deliver *Julie*." Immediately I picked up my black wet bread, and ate it with rage. I drank water from my cistern; then I raked up some earth from the bottom of the cavern, I heaped it up under my feet, and formed with it something like a little eminence, upon which they were to remain dry. All this occupation filled up my day; the little glimmer I enjoyed entirely disappeared. I found myself in the thickest darkness, and I felt that

that night must then reign upon the earth.

I arranged myself in the best manner I could upon my seat of stone, with my back leaning against the wall, and my feet upon my little bank. I fell asleep, and what is more, I enjoyed a very good nap. What is still better, I had the most pleasing dreams. I dreamt that I held, in my arms, my *Julie* crowned with flowers; my *Julie* laid with me upon a bed of roses; my *Julie* who suffered me to penetrate into the temple of happiness. I awoke, my body a little stiff, owing to the hardness of the seat, but in other respects tolerably fresh.—

“Courage!” said I within myself, on recollecting my dreams; “Heaven
“forbakes me not; it sends me happy
“dreams to console me and announce
“to me my deliverance. Yes, I shall
“get

“ get out of this gulph; yes, my *Julie*, I
“ will snatch thee from these abyffes,
“ and I shall possess thy charms.”

At these words I rose up full of courage, I took my chain, and struck it against the wall, from which I let fly some little splinters. I soon reflected that I ought to find out the east of the place I was in, to know on what side to pierce the wall, in order to manage more easily to make my escape. But knowing positively where I was, how find out the east? every side was alike to me. I therefore continued to strike the wall in the same place. Of the splinters that fell, I heightened and consolidated my little bank. I must have worked at least six hours without intermission. At last, I sat down a moment to draw breath. Soon after my bread fell, as the day before, without doubt nearly at the same hour as the preceding day. I considered.

considered that I ought to observe this time, and henceforth refrain from knocking at that hour, that they might not suspect my work which they would doubtless have wished to hinder. Besides, they could not possibly see me through the hole; for the vault was very lofty, and the top very obscure, as well as the bottom; I myself in vain looked every day, to reconnoitre him that threw down the loaf, I only perceived a kind of shadow that appeared over the hole, and disappeared instantly when the bread was fallen.

I ate my bread with a voracious appetite. Instantly I set to work again, and before darkness was entirely come, I had already made in the wall a very visible cavity. The next day, after having slept like a very fatigued galley-slave, I recommenced working; and, suffering myself to be governed by fatigue,

tigue, I naturally stopped to breathe, about the time in which the bread fell. I ate, I laboured, my work advanced. I slept at night, to begin again the next day, and always the same life.

I had been a fortnight manœuvring in this way. The hole was already deep; but the wall threatened to be of a horrible thickness. I bestirred myself with so much courage, that I scarce grew tired. This action set all my blood in motion, and prevented all stagnation of humours, the ordinary source of melancholy chagrins.—In spite of my situation and my scanty nourishment, I felt myself active, light, fresh, and not horribly miserable. I at least had hope.

One day in short I thought I heard a knocking on the other side of the wall; I stopped

I stopped at first, and I distinguished the blows very plainly. "Ought I to go on with my work on this side?" said I to myself. "Is it a friend, or an enemy knocking? but, except my tormentors, who can be my enemy?" He that knocks is undoubtedly some wretch shut up in a neighbouring dungeon, working like me to get out. But, if it be so, for the fruit of so much trouble, I shall do nothing but open myself an entrance into his prison; and I, tired of so much work, shall be forced to pierce through another wall, to escape with him. Without doubt it will be better to dig on the other side, that will perhaps lead me to some outlet....But at least I shall find company; I shall help to save a poor miserable being; we will work in concert, and the work will advance better."

I therefore

I therefore continued knocking on that side, directing my blows towards the point where I also heard somebody knock, in order that we might meet opposite to each other, and mutually abridge the work. I perceived that my correspondent had the same intention, and we came to strike exactly one against the other. In proportion as I advanced, I heard more distinctly the noise which my neighbour was making, and I conceived that the wall very sensibly grew thinner between us both. I at last heard his voice which gave me inexpressible courage, though he seemed to be groaning; he must also have heard mine; for I sang all day like the most thoughtless and most happy of men.

I discovered the voice of the labourer to be that of a woman. I soon convinced myself of it; but this voice was sweet and affecting in the highest degree.

gree. There was only *Julie's* that could possibly have this ineffable quality. "Good God !" said I to myself, "should it be my *Julie*? should it be her that I could see and release?" At this idea I leaped for joy, and worked away with courage more than human. From moment to moment I was confirmed in my hope: "Yes, 'tis her," said I, and I could already almost distinguish the words pronounced. At last I cried out; "*O my Julie!*" I heard a sweet voice answer me: "*O dear Merveil!*" "*is it you?*" At these accents of *Julie's*, at these adored accents, my heart was attacked by an inexpressible palpitation. I was obliged to stop a moment to breathe. Presently I set to work again with an amorous rage surpassing all description. I already heard even the least sigh of my love; for, could I doubt that it was her? "Work on, my *Julie*," cried I to her, "thou art going to see thy

“thy lover.” She made me the most encouraging replies, and continued striking. Night came, and did not at first make me suspend any labour. It seemed to me, in groping about with my finger, that there ought already to be a little hole made in the middle of the cavity; but night did not permit me to see it. Envious and cruel night! My *Julie* laid down wishing me the most affectionate good night. I heard her sleep, breathing sweetly. “Sleep dear object,” cried I, “to-morrow I shall see thee:” and in this hope I fell asleep myself.

I awoke fresh as the morning of the finest day, after having well reposed. My *Julie* was already at work.—— Suddenly I perceived a ray coming through the wall, which announced to me it was pierced, and that the dungeon of my love was lighter than mine.

“I salute

“I salute thee,” cried I, “my dear *Julie*!” and I approached my finger to the feeble opening; she did the same on her side; but the wall was very thick, and we had hastened to dig in the center of the breach. All that I was able to do, was to touch, with the end of my finger, the end of hers; delicious touch, that re-vibrated to my very heart, and gave me new life!

In the mean time we could not yet reciprocally perceive each other. We worked with so much spirit, that before the end of the day, I had a glimpse of my *Julie*. I begged her to approach her mouth to the opening, and I drew in her breath. We with pain wished each other good night, to both fall asleep in dreams the most delicious. I for my part dreamt, that I opened the rest of the wall, and that I penetrated even to my *Julie*, who received me in her arms.

We

We set to work the next day with still more ardour. I enjoyed a far more tender day. I discovered pretty much at my ease my well-beloved; I conversed with her. Before night came, I was able to stretch out my lips to the end of her finger, to which I gave a sweet kiss. She would do as much by mine. I was already happier in this subterraneous cave, perceiving my *Julie* a little, and touching her with the end of my finger, than I should have been, without her, in the palace of voluptuousness. We reciprocally recounted to each other our sufferings, and how we had come into this horrible place. Her history was pretty much the same as mine. She had awoke, like myself, with the most painful surprise, in the horror of a dungeon.

The day following, the hole was sufficiently large to enable us mutually to fasten

fasten our mouths one against the other. I advanced my lips towards my *Julie*, entreating her as a favour to approach hers also. She blushed; she was burning with the wish to do so; but she could not find it in her heart. "My dear friend," said I, "canst thou refuse this favour to a poor wretch who is deprived of every thing in the universe?" She at last determined on it, and I pressed with my mouth, the delicious mouth of my *Julie*; ravishing kiss that made my blood sparkle, and my heart palpitate! The bashfulness of *Julie* rendered this pleasure too short.

At the end of a few days we were able to squeeze one another by the hand. We reciprocally saw each other's faces; I soon fastened my cheek against that of my love. At last the opening of the wall became large enough to yield me a

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complete passage; I penetrated into the asylum of my *Julie*: I clasped her in my arms, I felt her heart beat against my heart. We remained a long time in this sweet embrace, mutually bathing each other with our tears of tenderness, united together as the vine is to the elm, so that we seemed to make but one body as we made but one soul. What moments, great Gods, what pleasures! and we did not lose our lives at them!

Julie, less unworthily treated than me, was in a dungeon that offered a little the appearance of a chamber. She had at least a bedstead; they also let down to her through a hole, in the top of her vault, wherewithal to live decently; neither wine nor good cheer were spared her; for which she was undoubtedly indebted to the pity of some of the nuns; she had even a lamp: which appeared to me a delicious thing in the evening.

She

She was dressed, and she lent me her veil to make me a girdle.

We supped *tête-à-tête*; I was seated upon her bed. We had a fowl and a bottle of wine. I brought my loaf, which no longer fell into the water, because I had raised a little hillock at the place of its fall. I made a delicious supper. After so much abstinence, how exquisite ought not every thing to appear to me, above all in the company of my *Julie*.

When it was necessary to go to bed, I clearly saw that my tender love suffered at being obliged to let me sleep upon the hard ground in my dungeon; but she could not bring herself to share her bed with me. I observed her tender embarrassment. At last, she conjured me to lay down in her bed, telling me that she should be too happy in sitting

up beside me. One feels that I could not possibly accept such a proposition; she had only a mattrafs which I left her, and I contented myself with taking a little straw from under her to make myself a bed, with some of her cloths which she spread thereon. This bed appeared to me divine, after the manner in which I had passed my nights for the last two months. She laid down in hers. We wished each other good night, like two lovers taking leave on quitting one another for a voyage beyond sea. I fully proposed to ask, in the course of time, favours more signal; but respect withheld me. *Julie* was as sacred as she was adorable.

Man is never content. I wished the next day to obtain something more; but *Julie* refused me even the smallest caresses. "My well-beloved," said I, "canst thou be so cruel to thy lover?"

"canst

“ canst thou refuse any thing to thy husband? Yes, my dear, when thou followest me out of thy convent, (unfortunate step that has precipitated us into this abyss!) didst thou not follow thy husband? Hadst thou not then already acknowledged the nullity of our vows? We are alone in the universe; we resume the rights of nature, who associates lovers, without priest and lawyers. Here we are in the situation of our first parents, thrown alone into the deserts of the world, associated together by the laws of nature, under the regards of the Creator!”

Julie resisted, sighed, and knew not what to answer me. I was under the necessity of making love for several days. At length she consented to give me her hand; for it was properly a marriage; she prostrated herself upon the ground, invoking the eternal with the most fer-

vent prayers. I went down on my knees beside her : I called God to witness, who alone saw us, the oaths I made to my tender wife. I called to witness the sepulchral vault that covered us, the funeral walls that surrounded us, the nocturnal lamp that lighted us. *Julie* pronounced the same oaths, with the most holy composure. At last, I took her in my arms, conjugal love beamed in her eyes, through the embarrassment of a virgin modesty ; I seized the propitious moment, and was happy. Angels of the eternal, ye know it, ye who turn aside your regards from the culpable desires of men, happiness was with us in the bosom of the earth.

After the infatuating pleasures, we came to moments of intimacy still more delicious. What a night, great God ! Can one after that complain of being unhappy ! At length we fell asleep in each

each other's arms. I awoke the first, I contemplated by the glimmer of the little lamp, my *Julie* reposing upon my breast. How handsome she was! How sweet was her breath! But though she was sleeping, I saw tears escape from her closed eyelids. I was afflicted at this; I dried them up with my lips; I woke her by a kiss. "O my well-beloved!" said I to her, "thy sleep grieves me; I see tears flow from thy fine eyes; is any thing wanting to thy happiness, when I am afraid of dying from the excess of mine?"

Julie sighed, and, giving me a kiss, answered me. "O my friend! thou alone canst render me happy. Heaven is my witness; thou wilt make my felicity; but alas! what misfortunes our pleasures will produce! What will become of the unfortunate beings to whom we shall give life?"

“ Dare we call them from nothingness,
“ to suffer in the bosom of the earth,
“ and die of misery?” I was struck
and moved at this idea; I embraced my
wife, I pressed her to my heart. “ O
“ my *Julie*!” said I to her; “ it is true,
“ we shall bring into the world unhappy
“ ones; but believest thou that we shall
“ remain in this frightful abyss? We
“ have arms; already through our ef-
“ forts we have found means to come
“ together again; we shall be able, by
“ our joint labours, to get out of this
“ gulph, and see the light once more.”
I consoled her more by my careffes than
by my reasons; and I felt the necessity
of prescribing to ourselves the reserve
necessary for us not to endanger an un-
happy posterity.

We got up very early in the morning;
as well as we were able to conjecture;
we had no time to lose; it was necessary

to

to work for our deliverance; but on which side to carry our efforts? We held a council. While I was meditating on this object with coolness, it seemed to me as if I heard, under our feet, a certain hollow noise. "Lend thy ear," said I to my *Julie*, "dost thou hear no-
"thing?" *Julie* listened, and threw herself quite trembling into my arms. "Ah! we are undone," said she to me; "there are people under our feet." —
"What fearest thou, my dear?" replied I. "These are our deliverers. Yes, my *Julie*, These are men who are working under our feet and may deliver us; or unfortunate creatures who are groaning in a dungeon deeper than ours; we will comfort them: they will return it to us; and, reunited with us, we shall work the faster to get out of this gulph. Yes, 'tis under our feet that we must dig. Over our heads, we should find our tyrants; on our
sides,

“ sides, there are nothing but dungeons ;
“ in digging under our feet, we shall
“ get out of the power of our tormen-
“ tors, and recover our liberty. Cou-
“ rage, my dear soul ; pardon me if I
“ let thee work ; it is that thou may’st
“ sooner get out of this place.”

We worked together to dig the bosom of the earth ; *Adam* had not more pleasure in digging with *Eve* the terrestrial Paradise. After having fatigued ourselves all day, we supped *tête-à-tête* with an excellent appetite. We laid down upon the same bedstead, we fell asleep in each other’s arms ; and, to crown our joy, in proportion as we advanced, we heard more distinctly the noise that was making under our feet ; which augmented our hopes. No, Kings are not happier than we were then.

After

After the earth, we soon found a sharp stone. "There is then a quarry here," cried I; "these are workmen who are working under ground; we are released." I embraced my *Julie* with transport, and we pushed on our labours with a lively increase of spirit. The stone was harder to dig than the earth; but yet our hope by increasing, augmented our vigour. The noise of the labourers became louder, and we sensibly discovered, from the hollow sound, that there was an empty space underneath us. We soon conjectured that the people in the subterraneous place had heard us; for we felt that they had the attention to strike directly under our feet, and make their strokes correspond to ours, as if to assist us in our labour. We could not contain ourselves for joy. All on a sudden, we heard them give a shout all together. We answered it as well as we were able. I am ignorant if they

they heard us ; they continued striking and shouting from time to time ; we answered with all our strength. At last, it soon seemed that they cried out to us “ *courage!* ” Judge how much this gave us.

We knocked away with such obstinate perseverance, that at the end of a few days we at length made a little hole, through which I looked. I accordingly saw that it was some workmen working in a quarry, and on whose part we had nothing but assistance to expect. “ O “ my *Julie!* ” cried I, “ hold, look, “ these are our deliverers. ” She looked, and, with her heart melted with joy, she clasped me in her arms.

We enlarged the hole ; the men perceived us, and gave a shout of gladness. We saluted them with all our heart, and continued to enlarge the opening, enough

enough to pass our bodies through it. They soon brought us a ladder, by the help of which we descended. As soon as I was down, I embraced all these obliging mortals. *Julie*, before every thing, threw herself on her knees and returned thanks to Heaven. The workmen surrounded us; there was no sort of caresses that the good people did not make us. We recounted them our history in a few words; and these honest workmen had enough for an hour's blaspheming against the monks. They made us sit down upon the ground in the middle of them, and forced us to partake their humble dinner. I then said to them: "My friends, we must think of what is going to become of us. We possess not one penny; we have not wherewithal to cover ourselves; I will not expose my wife to show herself in Paris, in the plight you see her in. I will go and try my luck, and endeavour

“ endeavour to collect a little money
“ and some cloths, and see if I can find
“ out an asylum for us to lodge in; but
“ you, my friends, must lend me till my
“ return, at least wherewith to cover
“ my nakedness.”

They all offered to strip themselves for me; I accepted the breeches of him who appeared to me the cleanest, and the waistcoat of another, over which I put a kind of furtout belonging to a third, a fourth lent me his hat, another his shoes and stockings, and here I was dressed like a poor devil: but so much the better; I risked less to be recognized under these sorry garments. “ O my dear friends,” said I to them, “ I confide to you my *Julie*, the treasure of my heart. I would a hundred times sooner lose my life, than be deprived of her. Shall you know how to defend her, if they come to attack her?”

——“ What

—“What do you call defend her?”
“said to me a tall devil with a face full
“of gashes. “I have served his Ma-
“jesty for eight years in quality of gre-
“nadier; I have been in four battles.
“I have mounted the breach in six
“storms; I have had two and twenty
“Captains upon me; in short I shall
“know how to defend her. The first
“rascal of a monk that comes near this
“place, I split his scull in two. Re-
“member ’tis *Chenapan* who tells you
“this.” I took confidence in such pro-
testations. I embraced my dear *Julie*,
and set off.

On going out of this cavern, at the as-
pect of the broad day, I was ravished
into extasy, and I tasted a pleasure equal
to that I had felt in the enjoyment of
my *Julie* for the first time. I saw the
vast extent of the country, which ap-
peared to me admirable. I breathed
the

pure air of the atmosphere, the balm of the flowers, the soul of nature. I saw that beautiful sun tranquil in the heavens, which seemed to see me without anger, as having no share in my misfortune, and not opposing itself to my liberty. In my rapture, I fell down upon my two knees, and adored the Eternal.

After this act of piety. I began to run. Coming out of a retirement of three months, I felt myself delightfully nimble, and I scarce touched the ground. I was however encumbered with my chain, of which my deliverers had not been able to deprive me, for want of a file. I concealed it as well as I could, and hindered it from making a noise. Night was drawing in, when I entered Paris; and so much the better. I still kept running without knowing whither to go. At last, I passed before *Madame Banal's*: she was standing
at

at her door. Although I had been apprehended at her house, I could not persuade myself, that this good woman had betrayed me: and my suspicions had fallen upon my rascally servant.

"Madam," said I to her, "could I not say a word to you?" It was dark: my dress did not prejudice her in my favour: she took me for some fellow: "Go your way," said she to me very drily. I would have advanced my face to speak in her ear; she thought I intended to embrace her, she gave me a box on the ear, saying; "But see that insolent fellow!" The reply fell upon her cheek like a flash of lightning. "Help! help!" cried she, "fire! fire!" and some people ran to succour her. They heard the noise of my chain; they saw it appear, and said: "He's a galley-slave escaped." "But *Madame Banal*," said I, "don't
you

“you recollect my voice?” During this time the blows were pouring upon my body like rain, and I returned as many as I was able with my chain, which knocked down the combatants.

In the mean time *Madame Banat* had recollected my voice, and was crying out: “Hold, hold, ’tis not him you must strike.....” She at last succeeded in stopping the blows. “You are mistaken,” said she; “that man is one of my friends; ’tis another man that insulted me in passing, and you have suffered him to escape.”——“How, a galley-slave is your friend!” said they to her.——“Oh, ’tis a farce,” replied she; “’tis a trick they have played this worthy lad. I will explain to you all that to-morrow.” I was enraged at having received so many blows, and at seeing myself exposed to so many regards, while I wanted to conceal myself.

self. At last, the gentlemen journeymen tailors and shoemakers, who had fallen upon me, made me a thousand apologies; *Madame Banal* returned them her thanks, told me to come in, and wished them good night. When she had a light, she surveyed me closely; and at length recollecting me, she said to me: "Well! my dear child, is it you? My God, how sorry I am at what has just happened! Ah! how heavy your hand is! your box on the ear is still warm upon my cheek; but after all there is no harm done. Are you then a galley-slave, my dear child?" I briefly related to her my history, from the time they had seized me at her house. She joined her hands and lifted up her eyes to Heaven, crying out: "J——s! ——— 'tis your rascally *La Faunisse*," said she to me, "that betrayed you. They say the wretch has been a monk. He introduced here some armed people

"ple that I had never seen or known,
 "who carried you both away. 'Twas in
 "vain I screamed out, they were already
 "far off when the patrolle arrived; but
 "I have had the happiness to save your
 "money and all that belonged to you:
 "and quickly, quickly, I'll give you
 "the whole:" She went and fetched
 me immediately a purse quite full of
 gold: I embraced her, not containing
 myself for joy at finding wherewithal to
 succour my *Julie*. "Oh!" resumed
Madame Banal, "how glad I shall make
 "poor *Mademoiselle de Mirville*! If you
 "knew how much she is afflicted at
 "your misfortune! Since you were taken
 "away, she has not suffered a day to pass
 "without coming to ask after you. She
 "has made all the strictest inquiries to
 "find you again."—"Be sure," cried I,
 "not to say a word to her." I considered
Mademoiselle de Mirville as our
 most cruel enemy.

alq

I begged

I begged the good landlady to get my chain cut; she sent for a journeyman locksmith, who at first made some difficulties; but who, suffering himself to be touched by the sight of a *louis* with which I presented him, rid me of that ignominious load. I had still some cloths at this worthy woman's; I dressed myself a little more decently, and I took a man's suit of cloths to disguise my *Julie*.

I immediately said to my landlady:
“My dear *Madame Banal*, you must be
“well convinced that it is not possible
“for me to lodge at your house, because
“they apprehended me in it; and, if
“they discover my flight, it is quite
“natural that they should come back
“here to look for me. You must there-
“fore find me some secret asylum, where
“the devil will not go to unkennel
“me.”——“I can suit you,” said she

to

to me. We got into a hackney coach, and she conducted me pretty far from her house, into a little by-street. We entered by a little dark alley, which announced nothing but the most filthy hovel: this little alley led us to a very neat small house, situated backwards, and which could never be suspected from without. The masters of this house did not usually let their apartments; they received me on the recommendation of *Madame Banal*, their friend and relation. She told them to prepare a good supper, with an apartment for me, and for a friend I was going to bring.

This arrangement made, I alone got again into my hackney-coach, and went to rejoin my *Julie* at the bottom of the quarry. She leaped upon my neck; the good people danced round her; they had done nothing but drink to try to enliven her; I gave them something to
drink

drink again, and they were very well contented. I then presented to my *Julie* the men's cloths I had brought for her, and I helped her to put them on; her toilet was soon finished. Observe that I also cut her chain, having brought tools for that purpose.

We were going to set off; all on a sudden we saw coming under the vault, some people preceded by a flambeau. *Julie* turned pale, and threw herself into my arms, saying: "Ah! my God, we are lost!" I was myself intimidated: *Chenapan* promised us his protection; all our men stood close round us, resolved to defend us. We soon perceived that it was only a young man coming towards us, lighted by a servant. This gave us courage. At last, this man, instead of apprehending us, as we feared, threw himself at our feet, kissed those of *Julie*, and said to us: "Forgive me
" both

“both of you, or I will not rise again
 “from here.” We recollected the voice
 of *Mademoiselle de Mirville*. She lifted
 up towards us her fine eyes all in tears;
 we held out our hands to her. It was
 she herself. The scallion boy at *Ma-
 dame Banal’s* had run to apprise her of my
 apparition; she had disguised herself as
 a man to come and see me; they had
 told her where I was; she had followed
 me in haste, and was come to offer us
 her purse and her life.

We cordially embraced her. “O
 “my friends,” said she, “how good
 “you are to forgive me! I shall only
 “reproach myself the more bitterly, all
 “my life, for having contributed to
 “cause your misfortunes. It is not pro-
 “perly I who betrayed you, but the
 “imprudent things which anger and
 “jealousy made me utter, when I dis-
 “covered your flight, may have given
 “hints

“ hints that have been fatal to you.
“ Some ambiguous conversations I over-
“ heard from the nuns, made me sus-
“ pect that *Julie* was fallen again into
“ their hands : cruel suspicion, that has
“ been for me a dagger ! I questioned
“ a lay sister whom I thought entrusted
“ with the care of the prisoners ; she
“ let me partly discover that there was
“ a new one ; but she would never own
“ to me that it was *Julie*. In doubt, I
“ made her a present, and I gave her six
“ livres a day, conjuring her to have the
“ goodness to provide a good table for
“ the new recluse ; and she has always
“ since told me that she did so. *Julie*
“ thanked her, and said to her : You
“ had but too well divined ; but they
“ have kept their word with you, and
“ I have profited by your generosity :”
Mademoiselle de Mirville then put at our
feet a purse of Gold, supplicating us,
upon both her knees, to accept it. We

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E

thanked

thanked her, telling her that we did not want it; but we promised her that we would not spare her, as soon as we should feel that want growing.

At length, I conducted my dear *Julie* to our new lodging. *Mademoiselle de Mirville* did herself the greatest violence to quit us; but it was too late to detain her to supper. She promised us, in going away, to see us every day, assuring us she had quitted the detestable convent. I supped *tête-à-tête* with my love; we had no more that rascally *la Faunisse*: I expected to go to bed without any ceremony with my wife; but *Julie* told me that she was no longer so; that, being restored to society, she again entered under the empire of the laws, and should wait their consent to unite herself with me. I was compelled to submit to this chaste scruple.

It

It was not safe for us to remain at Paris, nor even in France. I therefore prepared to go and seek an asylum. *Julie* fell sick; great God! what to do? To complete this misfortune, a dog went and found her in her bed, bit her in the arm and made his escape. Every body cried out: "He is mad, and of course "*Julie* must be so." At the end of some days, the dog was thought no more of; and *Julie*, though constantly ill, was no longer accused at least of being attacked by madness. But, unhappily for her, somebody who had seen a dog killed, came and told at the house that it was ours, and that he was mad. To crown the disaster, *Julie* was delirious, and had terrible convulsions; the old women did not fail to cry out, that she was mad, and that she must be smothered. A quack, who came every day, in the quality of a physician to visit her, in spite of ourselves, affirmed that she

was attacked by the hydrophobia, that there was no remedy, and that we must choose between the alternative of opening her veins, or of smothering her between two feather beds.

A thousand daggers, piercing me all at once, would have been less painful than this frightful decision. "No, I *will not suffer it*," cried I in fury, falling upon the quack, threatening to tear him to pieces. I prostrated myself by the side of *Julie*, who had a calm interval. "Is it true," said I to her, "my dear friend? Wouldst thou quit me?"—"Yes, my friend," said she to me, "I feel that I must, by my death, secure myself from the horrible danger of communicating my misfortune to thee."—"What sayest thou, my dear *Julie*?" rejoined I with fire. "The greatest misfortune for me, is that of losing thee; but canst thou give credit
"to

“to an absurdity the most shocking?”

I said to her every thing that the most violent love suggested to me *Julie* was persuaded that she must die, and she asked me as a favour to have her veins opened.

I became furious; they leaped upon me, they tied my hands and feet; a monster, in my presence, brought a large bath of hot water; my *Julie* had herself stripped stark naked. Alas! though ill, she was white as alabaster; and to her what was the *Venus of Praxiteles*? They put her into the bath, they opened her veins; I felt the dreadful strokes. Let us pass over this scene; the blood distils from my heart when I recall it to my mind. My tender love made me approach her, and held me the most affecting conversation, regarding me tenderly, while her blood was flowing.....

But once more, let us draw the curtain upon this scene ! at each word I write I feel a dagger strike me.

We were in this situation, the door opened : *Noirville*, informed I know not how, of our abode, appeared with my rival. They remained motionless : the blood of *Julie* stopped : I made an effort to throw myself at their feet. I cried out : “ *O father, save thy daughter !*” They both drew near, commanded that she might be taken out of the bath, and her blood stopped. The by-standers cried out that she was attacked by madness ; they themselves lifted her out of the water, and laid her upon her bed. My rival drew a pistol from his pocket, and threatened the quack to blow out his brains, if he did not instantly bind up the wounds. The wretch obeyed trembling : *Julie* wished to resist ; her
father

father ordered her, in the most terrible tone, to submit herself to his will. She obeyed in silence.

I had remained pinioned upon the floor: "What dost thou do there, wretch?" said my rival to me.—— "Alas!" replied I, "they have pinioned me in this manner, to hinder me from opposing the assassination of *Julie*; but gentlemen, for pity's sake, since you save her life, do not send her back to her detestable convent: they had buried her alive."—— "The d——n'd nuns!" cried the young man with indignation. "To tell us that she was dead and throw her into a dungeon!"—— "Ah!" said I to him, "if you wish to be revenged, exhaust upon me all your blows: here I am pinioned at your feet: but spare my *Julie*, and do not restore her to her grave."——

“ No, my friend,” answered my rival,
“ ’tis thou who hast saved her, and who
“ savedst me myself on another occasion.
“ I will do no harm to her deliverer
“ and mine. We have reciprocally
“ tormented each other enough; it is
“ time that this should end. We must
“ try to recover *Julie*; I believe her
“ pretended madness is a chimera. At
“ least we will do what we can; but I
“ insist upon your quitting Europe. If
“ we succeed in restoring her to life
“ and health: I will spare nothing to
“ get her vows broken: but I choose
“ to work on my own account, and
“ marry her myself. If you both wish
“ to preserve your love, and your pre-
“ tensions to one another, we will return
“ you each to your convent, and aban-
“ don you to your destiny. If thou re-
“ nouncest her, I will have thee conduct-
“ ed to *Brest*, and embarked for the
plantations.

fury, and made me go, by force, into an adjoining room, where they locked me up, while they were taking care of *Julie*. At the end of some time, the cruel fellow came to me. "My friend," said he to me, "I have here six archers
" belonging to the *maréchaussée* who will
" answer to me for thee; so it is useless
" to endeavour to escape, Thou must
" immediately set off for *Bress*."——
"But," replied I, "grant me, I beg,
" a few days, that I may at least know
" what will become of the unfortunate
" *Julie*: that I may not carry away
" with me the most cruel suspense, and
" the fear of having perhaps caused her
" death. I have just seen her fainted
" away: in what state is she now?
" Have they been able to bring her to
" life again?"——"Thou must set off
" instantly," cried the barbarian to
me, in the most terrible tone. It was
to

to no purpose I conjured him on my knees : he was inexorable. I was forced to set off in this uncertainty concerning the fate of my *Julie*. He delivered me over to the archers, and gave some money to his *valet-de-chambre*, whom he ordered to accompany me.

What could I do ? I had occasioned my love so many misfortunes, since we loved one another; and I had suffered so many for her..... "Come, said I to myself, "it is just to break a knot contracted in spite of Heaven, and upon which it has poured down misfortunes in abundance. Let us for ever deliver this adorable girl from the author of her miseries ; let us go far away from her to linger out my painful existence and conceal it from her eternally. I threw myself upon my knees. "Adieu, my dear *Julie*," cried I in a lamentable

“lamentable tone, and with tears in my
“eyes, “adieu for ever..... for ever!...
“Heaven!” Then turning myself to-
wards my rival; “O you,” said I to
him, “who will without doubt be hap-
“pier than me, undertake to render my
“*Julie* happy! Oh! will you be able to
“do so like me? Tell her how much I
“adore her, how much my heart is torn
“in quitting her.....” My rival in-
terrupted me hastily: “Yes, by G—d,”
said he, “for me to go and make love
“to her for thee! Take away this ex-
“travagant.” They had the cruelty to
obey him; they tore me from these
scenes in spite of my cries and my re-
sistance; they packed me up in a post-
chaise, and I was carried off far from
my *Julie*. We went full speed, and
soon arrived at *Brest*. A Ship belong-
ing to a speculator, who would abso-
lutely make discoveries, was upon the
point

point of failing; they made arrangements with the Captain: they gave me a quantity of merchandize that was well worth ten thousand livres; they embarked me, we set sail, and here I am at sea.

END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

THE
FRENCH ADVENTURER.

BOOK VIII.

I SUFFERED myself to be carried on board the ship without saying a word, without making the smallest movement. I was motionless, I was dead. I was quitting my country, the earth that had nourished me, the heaven that had seen me born; in short, I was losing my *Julie*: could there remain any life at the bottom of my heart? Absorbed in grief, I had not power to make away with myself. They placed me upon the deck, in a corner where I incommoded nobody. I had only strength to turn myself towards the land, upon which I ceased not to fix my eyes, though inanimate in other respects. All my faculties

ties being suspended, the sea, upon which I found myself for the first time, had no effect whatever upon me.—— I neither ate nor drank; I gave no sign of life as long as the land was visible. It at length disappeared. Then I thought I lost my *Julie* anew. I gave a sigh, and my heart failed. They carried me into a gloomy place, and put me upon a bedstead. I remained there four and twenty hours, with my face buried in the pillow, shedding a torrent of tears, without stirring. At last nature solicited me to eat, and I satisfied her. I daily spent the whole day in the bottom of this obscure abode, in the same immobility. In the evening, I went upon the deck; I sighed in the open air; I looked at the moon, and I meditated in silence in the stillness of the night. We advanced in this manner, without my perceiving it, as far as the Atlantick Ocean. We coasted *Africa*; we ran down
to

to *Senegal*, to the *Gold Coast*, to the melancholy *Coast of Slaves*. We landed in all these places; I saw savages, negroes, hideous creatures, hardly offering the human figure. Was there in this wherewithal to recompense me for the loss of my *Julie*.

From thence we were to go to *Brazil*; but a very violent wind drove us towards the south east. We, in spite of ourselves, crossed the line, and at the end of a few days, the Tropick of Capricorn; and we were sensible that, if this lasted, we should go and be wrecked towards the *Terra Australis*. Lost in these seas, we were soon confined in them by a calm, the image of death; and we saw ourselves a long time menaced with perishing from inanition. My love of life revived, when I had no longer any thing to eat. It vexed me excessively to die otherwise than of love. But a breeze

breeze that soon began to spring up, quickly brought us a corsair, who took possession of us, which we took for a piece of good fortune. We made no resistance, too happy in being taken to get bread. These rascals however were less in a hurry to give us provisions, than blows. We were laid upon the deck, loaded with irons, and kept very scanty in point of nourishment. They coolly deliberated before us, whether they should throw us into the sea, or suffer us to live. It was decided that they would not lose good aliments to fill the bellies of a starving rabble. They stripped us scrupulously; and I saw thrown into the sea, one after the other, all my companions, whose hands they previously condescended to tie. My turn arrived: they came to me to treat me with the same ceremony. They took off my irons, in order to tie me with an old rope. As soon as I had my hands

hands at liberty, I gave my tormentors two terrible blows with my fist, and launched myself into the sea. They burst out into loud peals of laughter, and fired some musket shots at me, which I avoided by diving. My companions, pinioned, struggled as much as they were able, and some kept themselves above water; the pirates were cruelly amused at our efforts, and above all laughed excessively, when they saw some of us swallowed up by sharks. All soon disappeared. As for me, I had my arms free, I swam in open water. The scoundrels diverted themselves for some time with my suffering; at last I disappeared to their eyes, and they disappeared to mine.

As I was swimming along, I said to myself: "Here am I lost in the middle of a boundless sea; nothing in my stomach, nothing upon my body, without

“ without strength to sustain myself,
“ having lost even hope, above all hav-
“ ing lost my *Julie*. Yet how comes it
“ to pass that I struggle with death?
“ Why do I not suffer myself to go softly
“ into his bosom which is now open to
“ me?” These arguments did not hin-
der me from swimming. To crown
my misfortunes, the sea was rough. I
mounted with the waves, I descended
with them; and I was at last ready to
cross my arms, in order not to fatigue
myself so much in flying from an ine-
vitable dissolution.

All on a sudden, from the top of a
billow, I thought I perceived something
bluish upon the edge of the horizon.
“ Is it a cloud? Is it land?” said I to
myself. And I fell again into a bottom,
and I remounted upon a wave, without
finding myself for a long time high
enough to see again the bluish object.

At

At last I saw it once more, and lost sight of it immediately: hope revived, I again found the use of my arms, and swam with ardour towards the land I thought I had discovered; but it appeared at a prodigious distance. How to arrive at it? I was already exhausted; I was going down, in spite of myself towards the bottom. I soon felt the ground under my feet; it was a rock even with the water's edge, upon which I fell; I gained its summit, which rose above the sea; here I rested myself; from here I distinctly perceived the land at a little distance, and I leaped for joy. Some shell-fish which I seized hold of at the point of the rock, restored me slightly. At length the sea grew calm. I recovered a little strength, and began to swim again: I went up, I went down; I advanced; I drew back; I struggled with the waves, which sported for a long time with

with my feeble carcase; at last I was thrown upon the shore.

The shore was barren: I was naked; I perceived in a kind of puddle, full of salt water, my melancholy nakedness. There was not the smallest terrestrial nor marine production upon the sea beach, and I discovered not a drop of fresh water to quench my thirst. I might boast of being the man the most rigorously poor in the universe: I exactly enjoyed nothing but air and light. The night soon came and snatched from me this last treasure; but while it was approaching, there fell a tolerably plentiful rain; I let it fall; I received it naked upon my skin, I was not afraid of rain. I took care to make a little hole in the sand, where the water came and collected itself; and, while it was raining, I profited by the feeble glimmer that remained, to try to grope out some shell-fish

fish upon the sea beach. I at last found some; I opened them as I was able; I devoured them. I then returned to my little pit, which I had well remarked not to lose it; there was a little fresh water in it; I sucked up as much as I possibly could, and I felt my stomach ballasted, happy by chance. It was necessary to endeavour to nestle myself to pass the night; for it was cold, and I was likely to lose nothing of the smallest impressions of the air. I trembled like the most moveable leaves. I rambled from the shore, without meeting with a single tree. At length, I saw one half-stripped, by an effect of the Autumn, which reigned in this island. I observed upon the ground, a part of its green dress fallen and dispersed: I gathered the leaves into a heap, and buried myself in them as I could, imploring Heaven with all my heart, that it might turn aside far away from me the steps of fierce wild beasts, which usually walk out at night in the deserts.

deserts. The darkness was never thicker; I exactly perceived no one object in nature. I covered myself in the best manner I was able with my wet bushes. Partly with their help, partly with that of my breath, I succeeded in warming myself a little, and I feel asleep.

It will not be required that I should give an exact account of what passed during my sleep. It seemed to me that I heard the howlings of savage beasts, and that I felt from time to time, something heavy pass over me, which might possibly be some tiger or lion; at least I represented to myself these terrible objects in painful dreams. But I soon ceased to dream, and I slept, in short as nobody ever slept at the sermon of the most courteous capuchin.

I am ignorant how long my nap lasted; I know that the cold woke me.

I felt

I felt myself benumbed, though I had a considerable weight upon my body. It had snowed, without doubt, the greatest part of the night, and one fees under what load I was buried. With much ado I rid myself of it; I looked all round me; I saw nothing but snow: this was at least something to save me from the torments of thirst. I walked away from the sea, and I soon perceived trees at a distance: I ran to them: I saw a very thick wood, into which I had some difficulty to enter, so much did the branches and young shoots closely interwoven, form an almost impenetrable obstacle. Here there was happily some drought. I found upon the ground a great many sticks; I picked up two pieces of rotten wood: by dint of rubbing them one against the other, as I had heard say the Indians did, I succeeded in drawing sparks from them. I got together some dry wood, and withered leaves,

leaves, which I easily lighted; but I took care to post myself out of the forest, not to let it on fire.

I warmed myself as much as I could; but, when one is naked, it is very difficult to be exactly warm, during a cold season. I baked some fruits, half dry, half rotten, which I found on the ground, and with which I was not acquainted, under the idea that the fire would take away every bad quality, if they had any. I even roasted some grain that appeared to me nearly like wheat, which rendered it crusty and eatable. In this manner I procured myself a meal, which, seasoned by hunger, seemed to me delicious. A species of palm-tree, the bark of which I had a great deal of trouble to open, furnished me a liquor agreeable enough, which I sucked in the best way I possibly could.

Being well refreshed in point of food, the next business was to cover myself; but with what? I perceived a kind of wool attached to some bushes, which announced to me that I might in time meet with the beasts that had left here their fleece. I picked up all that I found of it, and not having enough to dress myself with, I joined to it some leaves; I glued all this together with gum which the trees furnished me abundantly. I composed with it a sort of felt, which I pounded as well as I could with great flint stones. I adjusted, not without difficulty, this pleasant stuff round my body; and I soon marched as much as I was able, to reconnoitre the country, keeping at no great distance from the beach. I killed in my walk, with a stone, a little animal something like a hare. In the evening, having made a fire, I fastened my meat, to dress it, to the filaments of a plant that served me

as packthread, and enabled me to turn my *roti* before the fire. I ate it with a good appetite; I drank palm-tree wine and rain water. I then arranged upon a tree, a bed of boughs, leaves and grass, in which I slept in safety, without fear of falling, nor of being devoured by wild beasts.

The next day, I kneaded as I could two very ill-shaped vases of earth, which I baked. I filled one with water, and the other with palm-tree wine. This work, with some hours walking and hunting, and the cares of my kitchen, filled my day.

The following days I recommenced the same life, always advancing, covered with my felt, and loaded with my two earthen pots. I at length found a little brown freestone very hard, oblong, thinned on one side, and representing

grossly the blade of a knife. This produced in me a happy idea. I reflected that being obliged to break and tear every thing, for want of a cutting instrument, I could not absolutely dispense with this piece of furniture. I took my stone; I went upon the banks of a rivulet, where I sharpened it in the best manner I could upon other stones; I came to give it a pretty sharp edge. I immediately made use of it to cut with effort a piece of wood, in which I incrustated and fastened it, and I thus made myself a stone knife, that was of the greatest utility to me.

I easily made packthread with some herbages that I twisted, and I composed of them a net, with which I caught, when I chose, fish, which I dressed in salt water and palm-tree wine, the whole in the earthen vases. I cut little sticks, I fastened to the end the sharpest fish-bones,

bones, and in this manner I made arrows. I had no difficulty in making myself a bow, and I easily brought down game: so that in a few days I came to procure myself a pretty plentiful nourishment, both animal and vegetable, with fruit for desert. Here I am already with a coat, a bow, arrows, a net, vases, and a knife.

I still pursued my journey up the country; but it was necessary to drag along with me all this luggage; which was no easy task. Moreover, I was obliged to halt every day to light a fire, seek my food, dress it, and satisfy all the wants of life. I did not delay to fabricate myself hatchets, always with sharpened stones. I killed animals of a tolerable large size, which I flayed. I made myself cloths with their skins, after having dressed them in the best way I could, with a sort of oil which I extracted from

a certain oily fruit, by pounding it; in this manner, I rendered these skins supple, and less apt to dry. I thus found myself much better clothed than before. Observe that, to sew these cloths, I easily made thread, such as it was, with the filaments of plants; a little fish-bone, which I pierced at the head, served me as a needle.

Thus I played the little *Robinson Crusoe*; and the reader will perhaps be afraid of finding himself shut up eight and twenty years with me in an island, like that famous English voyager; but let him not be alarmed; I did not remain so long in my retreat, I was active in it, and I shall not grow dull upon a situation which, in the original, is very interesting, but the copy of which can only be so by a more rapid and more expeditious progress.

I had

I had already long since perceived mountains which appeared to me very high ; I soon arrived at them ; I climbed up to the summit with the nimbleness of a roe-buck. I discovered an immense prospect, but which the sea terminated on all sides ; whence I concluded with a secret rage, that I was in an island ; and I at that time said to myself : “ Here “ I am then shut up in this frightful desert ; no more hope of seeing my *Julie* again.” At this idea I struck the ground with my angry feet, and I fell upon the grass. I remained motionless, stretched out upon the ground, in a sort of stupor. I would quit this place no more ; I invoked death. At last, I grew tired of this posture ; I got up again ; I looked round me. My prison, that is to say my island, might be about fifty leagues in circumference. “ After all,” said I to myself, “ it seems to me that “ I am not too much frightened for

“room here, and since I see myself alone
“I am king here at least. I reign over
“a pretty large country; nobody will
“disturb me in my work. I will live,
“and I will work; I will construct a
“vessel; I will embark, and I will go
“and see my *Julie* again.” In this
sweet hope, I leaped with transport; my
appetite solicited me; I killed a sort of
little deer which I dressed, and I ate it,
with fruits, and roasted grain. A palm-
tree furnished me a liquor very agree-
able. To exactly know all my empire,
I resolved to continue the whole tour of
the island, the mountain of which nearly
occupied the centre. I finished this
circuit in about a month, and I saw a
country in which there were some ad-
mirable situations; but I did not meet
one of my fellow-creatures. I found
few wild beasts, and I easily succeeded
in destroying them. The most danger-
ous beast of the island, was the rattle-
snake;

snake; but I heard it coming at a distance, and I knew very well how to get quit of it. I at length saw some flocks of bleating animals, which greatly resembled our sheep: I collected the finest, which I easily taught to follow me, under the guard of a dog that was intelligent and faithful, but could not bark; which was common to him with his brethren of *America*, submitted by nature to the most rigorous silence.

The milk of my ewes made me a precious nourishment, and I spun their wool, to form of it in time some kinds of stuffs. I also found some tolerably large animals which served me to carry and drag along my baggage. I saw the country safe, because I was alone in it. The climate appeared very mild; I would not therefore lose my time in building myself a house; but with stakes and with skins sewed together, I made

myself a sufficiently convenient tent, which enabled me to go and pitch my lodging wherever I pleased. My bed was composed of pretty warm skins. I was already in possession of riches, and had them carried about at my pleasure. Not having wherewith to shut up my innocent flocks, and knowing them accustomed to the open air, I tied them up under the canopy of the heavens. At the end of a few months, in short, I had already contrived to procure myself several conveniencies of life. Nothing was now wanting to me but society; but what do I say? I had that of my flocks and of my faithful dog: is one happier in that of men?

I intended to construct a vessel; but this master-piece required time, and during this long operation, I was willing to procure myself subsistence. Besides, how many instruments it was necessary

cessary I should forge to work at this vessel? How many things to equip her! I wanted cloth to form the sails, and to dress myself. I managed to compose a weaver's loom; I spun a plant like hemp, and I made with it a pretty fine linen, which I spread upon the grass to bleach. I had the address to cut out and sew myself some tolerable shirts, dispensing myself from making muslin to trim them; but I fabricated cloth, which came near to that of the soldiers for fineness, and out of it I made myself cloths, such as they were. I knit myself stockings and caps, and made myself shoes with the hides of the beasts I killed. Necessity and reflexion taught me all these trades. I contrived to make a turning machine to turn my instruments as well as my vases. I composed myself a little set of plates and dishes, that had some form: I even found a composition to varnish them. I burned to

have it in my power to write my thoughts, and an infinity of verses which I addressed to my *Julie*. The gall of a certain fish served me for ink; the bark of a tree, very thin and very pliant supplied the place of paper; with a very sharp stone, I made pens of the feathers of some very pretty birds, and thus I wrote at full length my amorous reveries; which did not hinder me from engraving upon the rocks and upon the trunks of the trees, the name of my love, and her cypher intorwoven with mine. One feels that a man who produced so many things did not fail to procure himself a lamp, oil and matches to light himself, and to make himself tables and chairs. It was even in forming the planks which composed my tables, that I prepared myself for the construction of my vessel. I had already been obliged to make a saw, a plane, a chissel, and all the other tools belonging

to a joiner and carpenter; all with sharpened stones; for I had no metal. I at last found a gold mine; and though I had never worked at the boring of mines, in time I managed to draw from it gold sufficiently pure. I formed my commonest utensils solely by fusion, that is to say, by casting them in a mould; for I had not what was necessary to forge them. I even succeeded in fabricating a sort of fusil; one easily guesses that I neither bored nor sodered the barrel and that I contented myself with running it. It was not armed like ours; I had no steel, but I made shift to compose a phosphorus, a powder, such as they sell to school-boys in a little bottle, which takes fire of itself in the air; by this means I easily set fire to my powder: yes, my powder, I managed to make some too, I discovered a sulphur pit which furnished me with all that was requisite for that purpose. At last

last, I arrived at making a gold pendulum; I employed a great deal of time in this work; for having no files, it was with the greatest difficulty I supplied the want of this unlucky tool. Now and then I drew, and even painted with earths, and other objects, from which I extracted colours. I did not delay making the portrait of *Julie*: I even modelled her statue in clay, and took off moulds of it, with which I adorned several places of my empire, to which I likewise gave a queen. The labours of art did not prevent me from cultivating agriculture. I sowed corn, of which I made myself good bread, and vegetables that made me agreeable dishes. I pressed the fruit of a certain tree; in bruising it, I composed myself a sweet and strong liquor: which contributed to maintain my gaiety. One conceives that with so many occupations, time flew rapidly enough for me: and, thanks

to my activity, scarce did I grow tired, though alone in a desert, and far away from my *Julie*.

In spite of so many works as I have just detailed, I had prepared all the materials for the construction of my vessel. I had cut down trees: sawed up planks, and fabricated in gold all my iron work. Oakum and tar were not wanting to me. I at last made the plan of this vessel so long meditated; I was willing that it should be large enough to stand the sea, small enough for me to be able to manage it alone.

I set to the work towards the end of the summer: I proceeded in it with an inconceivable ardour; but as I was obliged to carry on equally several works that were necessary to me, or simply useful and agreeable, it seems that the construction of the vessel ought not to have
advanced

vanced very fast; nevertheless I terminated it in less than a year. It was principally during this time that, to vary my occupations, I drew the portrait of *Julie*, and made her statue, which I have just been speaking of further back. I had easily recollected her adorable traits, and since I had found means to represent them, I constantly placed before my eyes these cherished portraits. The painting was at the head of my bed; the statue stood up like an idol before my dock; I regarded it during my work, and I felt ardour sparkle even to my fingers ends. Then I redoubled my strength and my spirit; I seemed to pay homage to this adored statue for all I possessed, for all my empire in which I would have wished to crown her. Shut up alone in my tent, I contemplated the portrait of my *Julie*, and I excited my passions: I kissed a thousand times this dear image; and addressed to it the most pathetic

thetic speeches. It seemed to me that I saw it move, that I saw her statue change into herself; I then redoubled my devouring kisses. I took up a lyre that I had contrived to make; I ascended a solitary hill which beheld itself in the ocean, and upon which shined also a mould drawn from my cherished statue. At the peaceable rays of the planet of the night, at the twinkling glimmer of the stars, in the silence of nature, a holy enthusiasm seized me. I sang to the praise of my adorable *Julie*, accompanying myself on my lyre; I thought I saw all nature soften and partake my sweet melancholy; I then plunged myself into a delicious reverie; I thought I perceived my *Julie*; the smallest zephyr appeared to me her breath; at the smallest noise I turned my head to see her; I held out my arms to embrace her. Adorable moments, which will never be renewed for me, which one can never
enjoy

enjoy but on finding one's self alone in the world !

I also finished in miniature the portrait of my divinity ; I always carried it with me in my bosom ; I looked at it, I kissed it amorously in my solitary walks. O ! with what sublime ideas the grand spectacle of nature inspired me ! How I bewildered myself in the worlds, during the course of the starry night ! How I felt my soul elevated, purified in a country of which I was the master, where I was not obliged to know any manner of counterfeiting, nor of cringing, where no one, in approaching me, either disgraced or contaminated my being ! *Julie* was not the sole object I adored ; I ventured to aspire even to my God ; never had I such great ideas of the Supreme Being. I contemplated him in the grand spectacle of the universe. I sang to the praise of nature ; I painted

painted her, I studied her, from the star to the insect; from the lands, from the seas down to the blade of grass. Painting, poetry, music, astronomy, all the sciences, all the arts united to pour delights upon all my moments; and love, by rendering my heart susceptible, spread in my eyes, upon every object, a tender cloud, an enchanting delusion that made me sigh deliciously. O days of my solitude, who would believe that I regret you to day in the centre of pleasures and society!

Our readers of Paris, who know every thing, who judge wonderfully of all the situations they have never experienced, who calculate perfectly the reach of nature in all the countries they have not seen! these readers, I say, will decide that I boast of a thousand things I could not do, and of a thousand sensations which I could not feel; if they do

do not choose to believe me, let them transport themselves into the same solitude and the same situation as myself, and then see what nature and necessity will make them execute.

One will feel at least that with so many resources in my head and in my arms, I could hardly grow tired. Besides I enjoyed a singular degree of strength. My labours had brought my constitution to perfection : and the flourishing health I enjoyed made to flow in all my limbs a salutary balm, a spirit of life that diffused around me serenity upon all nature.

At length, my little vessel being finished, I easily launched her into the water, in a little bay surrounded by very shady banks, where she was sheltered from the winds and storms. I was provided with cordage, and every thing that was necessary to equip her ;
I had

I had some difficulty in stepping the masts; but I accomplished it, by the help of a machine which I composed for that purpose. I had made sails and a showy flag. My provisions were numerous and choice; I wanted for nothing. I possessed even a compass, yes, a compass. I had found in the island a loadstone; and my deplorable address had killed a poor swallow that was carrying a card fastened under his wing with a needle. Some lover, undoubtedly, sent this missive to her love, who might be in the countries beyond sea. The note indeed said: "O my dear *de Loiville*, in what
"ever place thou breathest, if ever this
"beautiful bird fall into thine hands,
"know that thy *Clarisse* yet lives, and
"that she lives for thee!" I regretted
"having killed the tender volatile, and
I promised myself faithfully to seek out the lover, to inform him of the existence
of

of his mistress. I even caught another swallow alive; I fastened the note to his wing, and I profited by the needle to make my compass.

My vessel was large enough; nothing was wanting in her for use, and even for convenience. I embarked on board her what I had most valuable; and above all, the portrait and the statue of my sovereign queen. My effects were numerous; I smiled in contemplating them; all were my work. And indeed, did not my little vanity appear excusable? I had entered near four years ago, into my island, without having hardly any thing in my stomach, and exactly nothing upon my carcase, possessing for all property nothing but a voracious appetite: I saw myself, at the end of this short space, clothed with a shirt, a cloth coat, stockings and shoes. I had all the
utensils

utensils and all the provisions that were necessary to me, even to a clock, a sort of gun, a compass, some writings, some memoirs; I had the portrait of my dear love: in short, I had a vessel well provided with every thing; and it was I who had made all this!

It at length became necessary that I should quit my desert. I wished to go and see my fellow creatures again, and fly towards my *Julie*. Who would believe it? I was attached to my island; I ran almost entirely the whole of it again before my departure. I climbed up the mountains: I came back and stopped twenty times upon the places where I had had such sweet sensations, in thinking of my God and of my *Julie*. It seemed to me that I was losing all these pleasures on quitting this asylum. I sang my mistress's praise anew; I made all the
echoes

echoes in the country repeat my verses and her name: when I had at last the strength to come upon the beach to embark, I there found my innocent lambs, appearing to cry for me. It seemed to me that I was quitting so many friends; I embraced them all, one after the other, crying, and addressing them the most tender *adieux*. I embarked with me those that were dearest to me, with my dog. It was necessary to abandon this enchanted abode; I went down on my knees, I adored the Supreme Being; I kissed the ground with a sacred fervour, and I remained some time deliciously fastened upon it. The tears still stand in my eyes, when I recall to mind the affecting *adieux* I bade to this hospitable land; *adieux* which echo repeated twenty times with a plaintive tone that still vibrates in my heart. Oh! had I not been obliged to go and rejoin my *Julie*, I should

should perhaps have remained in this solitude!.....At last, I made up my mind; I leaped on board the vessel, I cut the cable, I trimmed the sails, I stood out of the bay: here I am in the open sea.

Whither to go? I saw the road open on all sides, and that was my embarrassment. I perceived that, from the meridional horizon, blew an agreeable wind, which ought to come from the land. It even seemed to me that I breathed the vital air from it: I saw coming, from that side, birds that go but a little distance from the shore. As I was in a southern latitude, I judged that the land, which I suspected to exist in the neighbourhood, must be the *Terra Australis*. I sailed that way. The wind seconded me; at every moment I looked at my island, and always in sight.

It lessened; it became vaporous and bluish: at last, I entirely lost sight of it; and I groaned at this, as in seeing a friend yield his last breath.

END OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

THE
 Vol. II.

THE
FRENCH ADVENTURER.

BOOK IX.

I SAILED on for five days to the southward, with a wind tolerably favourable. In proportion as I advanced I still perceived more manifest signs of a neighbouring land; so much so, that I saw from time to time floating upon the water herbs and fresh branches, which could not come from any great distance. Like another *Columbus*, I thence concluded that I was about to immediately discover a new country. The sky was overcast; I persuaded myself that, if it had been clear, I should have seen the land. At last I thought I perceived a wished-

wished-for land; but there did not fail to come upon me all on a sudden a violent tempest. I was not surpris'd at it; Fortune always delighted in disputing with me, with one hand, the presents she offered me, with the other. The sea was very high; the wind drove me towards the rocks, and I was in danger of perishing. I worked with the fatigue of a galley-slave. I soon saw the beach very distinctly, from the top of a billow; but, alas! was I to die in the sight of it? "O my island! why did I quit thee?" said I to myself. In short, the wind drove me very violently towards the land; but it did not dash my vessel to pieces against a rock; it did not swallow me up in the abysses of the sea; it contented itself with burying me in the sand. I there found myself as unmoveably established, as the most massive palace. It was necessary to give up the idea of disengaging one's self from
thence.

thence. I threw my little shallop into the sea; I loaded her with provisions sufficient; I bade adieu, till our next meeting, to my dear vessel. I rowed on in my boat, towards the mouth of a great river, and I entered the canal. The banks of it appeared to me charming; but I perceived neither houses nor inhabitants. Stored with provisions, I was not afraid of a scarcity; besides, rowing up a river, I ran no risk of bewildering myself; and I could always go down again, when I pleased to find my vessel. I went up for the space of six days, still finding the canal broad and almost straight; but no traces of habitation.

I soon reached a place where the river separated itself into two arms; one descended towards the west, the other was that I had come up. Forty paces higher, I saw a cataract which it was

not possible for me to get over. It was necessary to return back by the same road, or enter the other arm which was also very wide and very handsome. I took this last determination. I had not rowed up two hours on that side, before the current became very rapid, so that it hurried me along, and it was impossible for me to turn back : this incident made me very uneasy; I endeavoured at least to gain the banks; but the rapidity of the waters, which still kept increasing, did not permit me. "After all," said I to myself, "the current will always conduct me to the sea, and it will not be difficult for me, in coasting along eastward to rejoin my vessel."

In making these reflections, I perceived in the bottom of the landscape, a bluish mountain, towards which I was descending like an arrow; it approached,

ed, grew bigger: "And which way
" then does this river go?" said I to my-
self. "This enormous mass must stop
" it. Without doubt it turns aside at
" the foot of the mountain, and runs
" round it, to empty itself more quickly
" into the sea to the northward." The
mountain already near at hand became
immense. I distinguished the cracks in
it, and saw nothing that indicated to me
that the river took a turn. Shortly I
perceived in the rock a vast opening
which visibly grew wider, exactly oppo-
site to me. The current hurried me
into it with an irresistible violence. I
soon saw that the river was ingulfed there,
and I ingulfed myself with it. Here I
was under an immense, uneven vault;
sometimes high, sometimes low. I
was every moment swept by the
branches that had their roots in the
rock. Sometimes the rock hanging
down to the surface of the water,
almost crushed me, and forced me

to lay down flat upon my belly in my little boat.

In the mean time the day was diminishing under this gloomy vault, the entrance of which, already far off, no longer appeared to me but as a little *louver*. All on a sudden a pointed branch pierced my coat, and I remained hooked to it. My shallop flew away from under me: I held it with my feet: here was I suspended by the back in the abyss, stopping my boat with all my strength: it soon escaped from me and I would have followed it; but, before I had unhooked myself, it was already out of the reach of my sight, and my situation was become more painful, because I was at present suspended by the hands, and was forced to make a continual effort to support myself. I remained a long time in this situation, the too rapid current not permitting me to deliver myself

self up to its violence. I was quite spent with fatigue; I was about to fall. Presently I saw passing, near me, a pretty considerable branch of a tree, which hooked me again, I suffered myself to be carried away by this floating bough; it kept me up; I recommended myself to Providence, and abandoned myself to the course of the water. I soon found myself forced so far under the rock that I had no longer the smallest suspicion of light remaining, in the middle of a furious current; lost in this flood, deprived of light, I did not yet renounce life.

As I advanced, I heard still more distinctly a noise that increased and became frightful. There was no possibility of being mistaken; it was a cataract where the water was falling from a great height, to judge from the thundering noise it made. "My God,"

said I to myself, "what is going to be-
"come of me?" I embraced with a re-
doubled increase of transport the branch
that sustained me. I again recommended
myself to God. The noise became a
hundred times more frightful, it roared
under the caverns; it must have deaf-
ened at a hundred leagues off. I cried
out: "There I am, there I am: O
"God!" I took the leap, and I lost my
senses.

To paint this moment, I think I re-
collect that I felt myself at first precipi-
tated into an abyss; I heard confusedly
something like the noise of a hundred
thousand hammers; but I fell in short
into a state perfectly like death. I am ig-
norant how long I remained in it. When
I opened my eyes, again, I was suspend-
ed by the feet, and I heard a great
many people talking round me. On
rousing myself, I fetched a deep sigh;
those

those who surrounded me untied me immediately, with the greatest exclamations. I conceived that, having escaped from the river, they had suspended me with the head downwards, to make me disgorge the water I had swallowed. I looked at them; they looked at me in the same manner: I made them signs of gratitude; they made me signs of joy.

These men had in my eyes a pretty strange figure: I must have had as strange a one in their sight. They were holding each a torch, with which they lighted me mournfully. I saw, over our head, the vault which appeared to me infinitely higher. We were upon the banks of the river, which ran much more peaceably than in the place of its fall; I heard above us the noise of the cascade, but at an immense distance. What is singular, is that I was still

G 6

holding

holding embraced a piece of the branch that had sustained me: it appeared that they had sawed off the rest, which I saw indeed at my feet; but they had not been able, in my swoon, to make me let go my hold. They made me a sign to drop the piece of wood. I had some trouble to loosen my arms from it, which were become stiff as bars of iron. I soon fell again into a fainting fit, and became quite senseless.

They were not long in restoring me a second time the use of my senses. I looked about me; they had laid me out upon hot cinders; I was surrounded by good people who were rendering me from the bottom of their hearts all the services that were in their power. I was ignorant of their language; but the expression of the purest humanity seemed to me painted upon their faces, in characters universally intelligible. I should
have

have liked to have known exactly how they had saved me. I at least learned to whom I had that obligation; it was to a handsome young man, who was going along the river in a little boat, when he found me. They showed him to me; and I knew him by the particular eagerness with which he succoured me. I understood, by his gestures, that he had found me at no great distance from the place we were in, floating upon the surge at the mercy of the current, supported by the branch which I held embraced. Though I was motionless and senseless, he had judged, from my florid complexion, that I ought not to be dead; and without doubt he was in that respect less stupid than our people, who every day bury drowned persons, whose faces are glowing with a brilliant colour. My deliverer had got me up into his boat, and brought me on shore, where they had, as I have said, hung me up by the feet,

feet, (which was not perhaps very wholesome.) In this situation, they had made me disgorge the water I had swallowed, and my senses had returned to me. It was at the leap of the cataract that I had lost them, swallowed up in a water foaming with froth.

I asked, by signs, if they had not seen my shallop pass. They then conducted me gaily to the banks of the river where it had stopped. I made them understand that it was I who had constructed it, and I comprehended that they paid me many compliments. Another young man gave me to understand that it was he who had found it. All my provisions were lost; nothing more natural, after the leap they had taken. I little regretted this loss, and I was well recompensed for it by the statue of my *Julie*, which had remained in the bottom of the shallop, unmoveable from its own weight,

weight, and which by this very weight, had hindered the boat from oversetting. This dear idol was indeed heavy, and I had some difficulty in lifting it up. I threw myself on this adored image, and gave it a thousand kisses. I begged they would take it out of the shallop, and I had it elevated upon its pedestal.

When these poor people saw this image, they at first stood motionless with extasy; and all on a sudden, as if they had given each other the word, they prostrated themselves together at its feet, with their faces to the ground. Then they set to singing and dancing round the image, with grotesque gestures, that made me laugh excessively; it was crowned with flowers, and carried respectfully into a house in the front of which I had been taken care of. This house was cut out of the rock, the matter of which appeared to me to border upon the

the nature of gold; at least I thought I saw some veins shining with this metal. The house was illuminated; and the polish of the walls augmented the light.

In spite of my surprise, I soon felt the cravings of hunger. They served up a dinner that appeared to me pretty good; the nature of the meats was excellent; and I conceived that I might in time accustom myself to the dressing. I could not divine of what was composed the drink, which I found very good. The bread was the fruit of a tree that we call *bread-tree*, which has almost the taste of our little rolls *à la Reine*. I ate with a tolerably good appetite, and rose from table with the others. I went out with them, feeling myself strong enough to follow them, and examine the country where I was.

The

The river appeared to me very wide. It was illuminated on both sides; and moreover, strings of lights crossed it, from distance to distance, in such a manner that there reigned every where a considerable and almost equal brightness. The vault was very high; and one can very well judge that it must be immense, since besides the river it embraced vast tracts of land seated upon the two banks. On the side where I was, I saw gardens planted with fruit-trees and vegetables, lighted by rows of lanterns, heated by subterraneous furnaces, which communicated the warmth that the sun gives with us upon the earth; farther I perceived parks where they were feeding flocks. I remarked some very straight roads, dug into the rock or mineral.

We embarked, and descended with the current of the water. I saw at the extremity

extremity of the horizon, a multitude dazzling with lights. As I advanced, distinguishing the objects better, I thought I perceived houses, and even some sorts of steeples. I saw at last, so as not to be able to doubt it, an immense town, built under a prodigious vault, crossed by a great river upon which there were several handsome bridges.

We landed in the town. I was dazzled with the artificial light with which I saw it lighted. The vault was of metal, and every where equally polished; it reflected the lights; which rendered it as if blazing, and formed over head a sort of fiery sky. This *coup-d'œil* seemed to me truly *unique*, and struck me in the most lively manner; but, if I admired this sight, I was one myself in the eyes of these *Gnomish* people, who must have found me very different from themselves, of course very extraordinary. So many

looks

looks fixed upon me embarrassed me, and hindered me from observing minutely all the interesting objects that presented themselves to me. Crowds of the populace followed me, and announced that it is every where the same in many respects.

I was conducted in pomp to the court of the sovereign, which I found very brilliant. His palace was remarkable for its singularity, and for real beauties; it dazzled by its illumination. I was clothed with a dress of my own making, which belonged to no nation. My golden fusil shined upon my shoulder; for, when I had taken the leap of the cataract, I carried it behind me in a belt; and I had not lost it.

The king was returning from hunting, and considered me with attention; all at once a species of bull, missed by a
butcher

butcher, fell upon the monarch: the guards bravely ran away. My fusil was loaded; I fired; the animal fell dead upon the spot; every body started and trembled. I saw a hundred thousand spectators motionless, look at me for some time with a stupid air, and on a sudden ran away with a surprising swiftness, so that I remained almost alone with the king. He saluted me in the profoundest manner; those of his courtiers, who had had the courage to stay, prostrated themselves at my feet.

They brought the statue of my *Julie*: at this sight the court was struck with admiration, as had been at first the good people who had saved me. Every body adored it, with their face to the ground; the king himself paid it marks of respect. I saw that these people were idolaters, and took my statue for a divinity; but I was enchanted by the homages

images they rendered to the figure of her I adored, and to my work. The king ordered that a temple should be built to the new goddess; while it was constructing, they lodged it in the handsomest sanctuary of the town. They consecrated an altar to it, and I was established priest to my *Julie*. Who could adore her better than me? O my goddess! why was I not priest of thy person!

They gave me, in the king's palace, magnificent apartments, and I was treated with the most respectful distinction. They sent me a master to teach me the language of the country. I made some progress under him; but love gave me a mistress that instructed me much quicker. This person was no less than the king's daughter. In spite of her air foreign enough to us, I found her singularly pretty. She was
of

of a dazzling whiteness; a quality common to the women of this country, who have never had their skin burnt by the sun, because they have never seen that planet. *Almanzine*, that is the name of this beautiful princess, had upon her countenance an air of sweetness, candour and innocence, that would have rendered interesting the commonest features: in other respects she was tall, and extraordinary well made. Our looks spoke to each other at first. I saw her blush at the sight of me, with an adorable bashfulness. We understood one another from the first interview: I have never been a moment with her without comprehending her. Her eyes, her sighs, the sound of her voice, every thing was expressive and intelligible. We at first spoke each our own language, without perceiving it. That must certainly have been so, since at the end of two months, it happened
that

that she talked *French*, and me *Gnomish*. Let us preserve to these people that name, since I gave it them at first; for the true name of this subterraneous empire was that of the *Alfondons*.

Oh! what sweet moments I passed with my dear *Almanzine*! Next to *Julie*, she was what I loved best in the world; and yet, if I had not constantly had under my eyes the portrait of my first mistress, who knows whether the absent object would not have been in the wrong with me! Pardon me, my *Julie*!

They granted us the greatest liberty of seeing each other. *Almanzine* profited by it; she came to find me every moment; the most frequently it was in my temple, before the image to which I was offering up incense. I was very sensible of the love of this royal beauty; but the statue of her rival kept me in awe; I seemed to fear my work. I
dreaded

dreaded not less the remorse of my conscience.

The king had taken notice of our connexion, and approved it. I saw that he founded, upon my love, ideas of marriage. My pretty *Gnomide* had not been able to forbear letting me discover the desire she had of being united to me. One feels all the reasons that forbade me to think of such a tie. I did not reply to *Almanzine* as she wished; she complained, with her heart wounded, that I did not love her, I saw the poor child troubled with a profound chagrin, fall into a touching languor, of which I was the cause, and with which her fine eyes reproached me in fixing themselves on me with an air that seemed to ask mercy. I own that this affected me exceedingly; but I belonged wholly to the goddess whose priest they had ordained me.

An

An incident came and revived all the transports of my love for her. A *Gnome*, after having examined her portrait, assured me that he had seen that handsome foreigner in the upper country.

“O God! my *Julie* is upon these shores! cried I; and full of impatience and hope, I entreated the king to permit me to fly to her. “You are too necessary for me to suffer you to depart,” said he; “the information they have given you must be false; for how could a young girl, alone, come so far? As for the rest, entrust this portrait with your own to him who boasts of having seen *Julie*, he shall return to the place that conceals her, he shall confront her with this portrait, shall show her yours; and if it be her he shall bring her to you.” I gave

the two portraits, they dispatched the *Gnome*. At the end of some time they returned me the two miniatures, and I

have never seen him since. They eluded my desires, but they extinguished not my hopes.

I really relished the life of the *Gnomish*, or *Alfondon* people. I did not recover from my astonishment at seeing that a mine was an abode so agreeable; for this was one; but a mine truly *unique*. I walked with pleasure in the town and its environs. The streets were marked by a line; part of the house rose up, built like ours, upon the even ground; the others were dug in the heart of the mineral. I remarked gardens, that furnished vegetables and fruits; perceived cattle, that nourished with their flesh these strange mortals. At last I saw a great river that abounded in fish: but I could not comprehend from whence came the corn, the drink, the forage of the cattle, the stuffs, the wood, the oil they burned, and in general every thing that

that was consumed in a country; which furnished so few things beyond its metal. The *Gnomes*, like so many *Midas*es ought to have been famished in the midst of their gold; and yet they wanted for nothing. When I was able to make myself understood, I questioned the learned a great deal upon all these objects of curiosity; but I found them reserved and mysterious. I perceived that they considered, as a point of their religion, the obligation of letting the people be ignorant of what they were, whence they came, how they were nourished, what was the universe. By degrees, however I gained the confidence of the sages; several opened themselves to me; and this is what an old Doctor one day told me.

“This country,” said he to me,
“was originally a gold mine, the open-
“ing of which was one day choked up

H 2

by

“ by an earthquake. The miners were
“ criminals condemned to pass all their
“ life in this subterraneous place; but
“ though they were numerous, as they
“ had a good stock of provisions, they
“ had time and means to discover a pas-
“ sage to the earth, before they were
“ exposed to the horrors of hunger. In
“ digging northwards, they found the
“ immense vault under which flows our
“ river, with the extended shores that
“ line it. Enchanted at this discovery,
“ they availed themselves of some planks
“ they had, to make a little boat, on
“ board which two of the boldest embark-
“ ed. They descended the river, and
“ were not long before they found a
“ horrible cascade, into which they were
“ soon precipitated with their boat.
“ One of the two was drowned: but
“ the other was saved as if by a miracle.
“ He went to find again his little boat
“ which had been lost, like himself, in
“ the froth. He got into her once
“ more

" more, and shortly saw daylight again.
 " He was upon the point of going out
 " by a large wide opening, when he
 " found guards who ordered him, with
 " loud shouts, to turn back again, upon
 " pain of death. He cried out to them
 " that the current was too violent for
 " him to return, and said to them:
 " Besides, what do you fear from a man
 " alone and without arms?" " One of
 " the guards, who had formerly been
 " his friend, recognized him, and spoke
 " in his favour to his comrades; they
 " did not fire upon him, and even re-
 " ceived him kindly. The poor man
 " was overjoyed with extasy, in seeing
 " again the sky he had lost sight of for
 " six years past:—" Oh! how happy
 " are you!" said he to the sentinels,
 " to see the sun, and breathe the pure
 " air of the heavens!"—" Alas!"
 " replied they, " we are not so happy
 " as thou thinkest; this air which

“ thou dost envy us is infectious.
“ The earthquake has destroyed a great
“ many people. At the end of this
“ misfortune, as we were in want of
“ every thing, the plague has just broke
“ out amongst us, and we are reduced
“ to a very small number of inhabitants.
“ Fearing that you were more numer-
“ ous than ourselves at present, we were
“ not willing that you should be able
“ to come and cut our throats; and we
“ have seconded, as much as lay in our
“ power, the violent commotion of the
“ earth, the better to shut up our mine.
“ Moreover, as we were afraid that your
“ subterraneous regions communicated
“ with the river, we have strictly guard-
“ ed the opening of this gulph, for fear
“ that some one of you should happen
“ to escape by this outlet. However
“ for some time past, the sicknesses de-
“ crease; but we are in want of provi-
“ sions. Our neighbours have hitherto
“ supplied

“supplied us with them for gold; and
“we are at present totally destitute of
“that metal.”—“Hey, my God!” said
to him the man from the mine; “we
“will lavish on you as much as you
“will; but, pray, furnish us with provi-
“sions, you will procure yourselves some
“with our gold, both for you, and for
“us. We abound in this metal; we
“have excavated a great quantity of it;
“we will send it you immediately; open
“the mine again.”

“The guards found the proposition
“reasonable; they made a report of it
“to government. The matter was a
“long time debated in the Council; it
“was resolved that the deputy should
“be charged to propose to the miners
“to send to the town gold, which should
“be paid for in exchange, by provi-
“sions and other commodities, the
“whole at their peril and risk: that the

“ mine should not be re-opened ; and
“ that the subterraneous people should
“ try to convey their gold, and receive
“ their provisions by the river. It was re-
“ quired, above all, that this dreadful
“ people should not send more than two
“ men for that traffick, threatening to
“ kill all those who should exceed that
“ number. They knew that it was im-
“ possible to return up against the
“ stream ; but they were acquainted,
“ very far from there, with the opening
“ by which you entered, dear *Merveil* ;
“ thither they conducted the deputy,
“ who suffered himself to be carried
“ away by the current ; he soon arrived
“ at the cascade, and was precipitated
“ as you were. Swallowed up in the
“ water like yourself, he lost his senses,
“ rolled at the mercy of the waves, and
“ was thrown upon the bank.”

“ Some miners, in seeking for an out-
“ let to get out of this subterraneous

“ vault, perceived this corpse, and knew
“ it again. They lamented the loss of
“ this man, upon whose return they
“ founded the hope of their salvation;
“ but they were astonished to see that
“ the upper current of the river had
“ brought him back, by a route con-
“ trary to that which he had taken in
“ quitting them; it seemed that having
“ set off in going down the lower part
“ of the canal, he should have returned
“ in coming up it again. They resolv-
“ ed to make at least magnificent obse-
“ quies for the hero who had gained
“ death to save his countrymen: and
“ they prepared the funeral pomp, which
“ was to flatter at least the eyes of a
“ people whose hunger they were un-
“ able to relieve.”

“ In the meantime the scarcity of pro-
“ visions increased, and they found
“ themselves reduced to the most hor-

“rible famine. They had ordered a
“little half-starved negroe to guard
“the body they were going to bury.
“The flesh of it appeared to him sweet.
“He found himself alone ; and, regret-
“ting that the worms should devour so
“fine a prey, he resolved to eat his share
“of it. The history, which perhaps
“jokes in this place, says that in reality
“he was just endeavouring to taste it,
“and that he at first bit the buttock.
“The corpse gave a terrible scream ;
“the negroe fell dead with fear. They
“ran ; they looked : the corpse was not
“one ; it brought up the water it had
“taken in, and rose up. He was soon
“recovered ; his life produced inex-
“pressible transports of joy. He had
“the people assembled, and gave an
“account of his voyage, and of his
“commission. They decided that they
“must speedily send to the upper na-
“tion a great bark loaded with gold, in
“order

“ order to enable her to purchase pro-
“ visions, and furnish some to the sub-
“ terraneous colony. The same man
“ was charged to conduct, as he might,
“ this treasure, and to bring back the
“ provisions he should obtain in ex-
“ change. They very quickly con-
“ structed a bark, they filled her with
“ gold well fastened down, that it might
“ not get away. The man dressed him-
“ in a sort of cork jacket; he recom-
“ mended himself to Providence, and
“ abandoned himself to the current. He
“ took the leap, was thrown, in spite of
“ his efforts, far from the bark, and es-
“ caped by the help of his jacket. The
“ bark herself perished not; she rolled
“ at the pleasure of the waters, and was
“ stopped by a chain which they had
“ stretched across at the place where the
“ river came out from under the vault.
“ The commissary succeeded in rejoin-
“ ing his boat. He was well received.

“ With his gold, they readily procured
“ themselves provisions, part of which
“ they resigned to him; but it was ne-
“ cessary he should carry them back to
“ his companions.”

“ There were not two ways: it was
“ impossible to go up the river again;
“ he was therefore forced to go down it.
“ For that purpose, this commissary
“ was obliged to get conveyed, over
“ land, his merchandize and his bark
“ to the place by which you entered,
“ with the river, under the vault. He
“ fastened, as well as he could, his
“ provisions in the boat, and embarked;
“ he ingulfed himself under the rock,
“ and followed the current. He went
“ through a hundred dangers in his
“ route, but as he had a light, he con-
“ trived to avoid the places where the
“ vault, hanging down, might have
“ crushed him. All the people, who
“ were

“ were waiting for him, had assembled
“ as near as they possibly could, to the
“ cascade with torches. The place was
“ much lighted; besides, the man was
“ apprised of his fall, which rendered it
“ less dangerous; they saw his arrival,
“ they saw his bark falling headlong
“ down; as for him, his cork jacket
“ kept him above water; they threw
“ ropes to him; he had strength enough
“ to make fast to them his boat, which
“ was drawn on shore, with all the pro-
“ visions.”

“ This happy criminal was named
“ *Alfondor*; he had formerly been mark-
“ ed with a hot iron, and condemned
“ to the mines; he was considered as a
“ God by his companions; he gave
“ them laws, and his name is for ever
“ famous amongst his descendants. He
“ was really an honest man. The
“ crime that had occasioned him to be
“ condemned,

“ condemned, was nothing but a philo-
“ sophical opinion; (for in the upper
“ country of our despots, they tyrannized
“ on that account.) This subterraneous
“ people accustomed themselves very
“ fast to this sort of life; under ground
“ at least they had no masters. They
“ furnished gold, they received food
“ and other provisions in exchange;
“ and they lived content. *Alfondor* in-
“ troduced good government among his
“ miners: he brought most of them to
“ reason, and even to wisdom. They
“ had never been so happy upon the
“ earth. They insisted on sending them
“ successively other criminals that were
“ condemned in the upper town; but
“ these honest people would not re-
“ ceive any rogues amongst them;
“ however, as they had a mind to in-
“ crease and multiply, they consented
“ to receive women, such as they were.
“ They sent them creatures worthy of
“ being

“ being shut up. Poor *Alfondor* stood in
“ need of all his patience and all his
“ address to conduct them into the
“ mine, after putting on each of them,
“ a cork jacket. Several lost their sen-
“ ses in the fall of the cascade, but they
“ were fished up again: they easily
“ brought them to life, and not one was
“ drowned. If they were not unsullied
“ they were at least all sound; at the
“ end of nine months, each produced
“ her fruit. The subterraneous troop
“ multiplied, and soon formed a nation
“ which has increased, and which, with-
“ out seeing the sun, is perhaps one of
“ the happiest of this globe. I appeal
“ to you, my dear *Merveil*.”

Such was nearly the recital of the
Gnomish philosopher. I learned with
pleasure the origin of this nation; I had
nothing now remaining but to be well
acquainted with their country. I soon
“ obtained

obtained sufficient confidence from government, for them to consent to have me conducted every where. The country is scarcely a league and a half in breadth, but it is full six leagues in length. The river that crosses it, is two hundred toises wide. It runs almost in a straight line through all this little state : it is even marked by a line in the town ; they call it *Tentennor*. The prodigious vault that covers all this vast enclosure, is supported only by pillars which they have suffered to subsist, at very great distances one from the other. At the two cascades above and below, this vault grows considerably narrower, so that it borders and even greatly contracts the river, without leaving it other banks than itself ; which exactly shuts in the country, and precludes every means of getting out of it by land.

I succeeded in rendering myself master of the current of the river, so that I

made the boats remount at my pleasure, and I made them descend slowly in places the most rapid, without the water being able to carry them away. I made them easily take the leap of the cascade, by means of several locks, which carried them softly from tiers to tiers. I, moreover, had the vault made even, and all the projecting parts taken out, that crushed the boats, by hanging down almost to the surface of the water; by these labours, I rendered the navigation, as well of the upper as the under canal, very easy.

The necessity of working in my desert island, having rendered me industrious, had taught me several trades. I communicated my science and my talents to my dear *Gnomes*. With them I brought navigation to great perfection, as I have just been saying, and I invented clock-making for them; I say that I invented it,

it, because it was from myself that I learned it, having never examined a watch before; so that my wheel-work was quite different to that with which we are acquainted in *Europe*. Before my time, this people had not the smallest idea of so useful an art; this ignorance arose from their position under the earth. We began by sun dials, but, in their mine, the *Gnomes* saw not the sun. They had however a way of marking the hour by means of a singular dial. This dial was living; for it was a young girl and a young boy. There was in the middle of the public square, a pedestal, upon which they placed a young girl, with her neck bare. A young man leant his hand upon the heart of this fair; he counted out loud its beatings. Each beating amounted to what we call a second. I relished such clocks well enough; one feels that it was girls of bad character and libertines they placed upon the
the

the pedestal, for if they had chosen modest girls, to lean upon their breast the hand of their lover, their heart would have beat too quick. Be it as it may, this custom was gay in its whimsicality; and I am ignorant whether every body was pleased with me for having substituted my artificial clocks, to these natural dials.

I went very deep into the study of mechanicks; my *Gnomes* profited by all my discoveries, and I established with them all sorts of manufactures.

To light their town better, I had an exact polish given to all the walls. I took care to have cast very regular mouldings and cornices, which reigned the length of the streets. I had made in them sorts of little gutters, in which the oil circulated and kept up strings of light, which spread every where equally,
and

and followed the designs of the mouldings, and other ornaments of architecture; which gave to this city the finest *coup d'œil*. I had it enlarged and pierced with the greatest regularity. One saw plain in the streets, as in ours at noon day; but, to save oil, I established a distinction between day and night.

To change my object: I have even been of opinion that in morality was in want of knowledge; but true knowledge; because it is better to know nothing, than to know lies. It is not the truths one teaches men that are prejudicial to them; but the errors one instills into them.

I had the happiness to find some young men full of ardour, as well as intelligence. With their assistance I raised a theatre. I gave them the ground work of our best pieces which I had fresh in my

my mind ; that was sufficient for them to represent them from idea, nearly as the Italian Comedians play extempore. I recommended to my actors to dwell upon sound morality, which I studied to teach them. It was by this theatre, that I proposed to enlighten and elevate the nation ; and, whatever may be thought of it, I succeeded. The progresses were visible in a few months.

These people had already a rude idea of drawing ; I advanced them considerably in this science. I reared some pupils in painting and sculpture. Their architecture also improved by my attentions. In short, I initiated them in poetry, musick, and all the arts that constitute the charm of society : I joined to this the mathematicks, which render the mind just, and morality which renders the heart upright. After these preludes, I thought of tracing out a plan of education

cation for the children, and of government for the men, persuaded that, with these two great movers, one elevates humanity; but for that purpose it was requisite I should examine the religion, and the received prejudices of the country. Suddenly the priests began to cry out; the people, who had already raised statues to me, did not delay considering me as a monster. I shut myself up at home with my mistress; there I waited till the knowledge I had contrived to diffuse, had pierced into the class of the vulgar, and operated in my favour; for I would not, like most other legislators, have recourse to imposture; I wished that naked truth might triumph. Knowledge by degrees softened the minds of the people; and when enlightened, they resumed their confidence in me; they esteemed me, no longer with enthusiasm and fanaticism, as in the beginning, but with

with reflection and a knowledge of the cause.

The religion of these miners had nothing very particular; it was absurd in point of doctrine and in point of worship, like that of every nation that is not enlightened by revelation. It resembled most of the known superstitions, by the coarse, but tolerably just notions, it gave of true morality. Religion tended there, as elsewhere, to render men good, and the priests, sometimes, to render them wicked. It is useless to detail all the ridiculous practices of which this worship was composed; but I ought to say a word about the temple of the *Gnomes*; for they had a very considerable one; I obtained the favour of being admitted into it; this is what there was most singular.

A priest

A priest took me by the hand, and made me enter a sort of gallery in no wise lighted, made like a shell, so that at the end of a few paces, I no longer saw any suspicion of light. They made me grope about in the dark in a labyrinth of turnings and windings, where the most intelligent man would not have been able to know where he was. On the road, the good people announced to me that I was going to see in the temple, the true light of heaven; and they added, as a thing very singular, that this light came of itself, and not from oil. They swore to me that its rays were going to discover to my eyes celestial prospects and the face of God himself. They were penetrated with respect and a holy tremor; in approaching their sanctuary.

At length we arrived at this famous temple, where I was to see such fine things

things. There was no light in it, consequently one saw no plainer there than before the creation of the world. The priest who had conducted me, made me prostrate myself, with my face to the ground, upon a highly polished floor: the wretch held his foot upon my head, in order that I might not move. They tuned canticles in honour of the God *Grondinabondo*; and I heard a sort of concert of voices and instruments which appeared to re-echo from the top of the skies at a great distance, as our sacred poets describe to us the concerts of angels.

Then a man, who was, without doubt, the High Priest; supplicated God to grant light. All on a sudden a voice cried out: “*Adore; the light is going to appear;*” and the light appeared. The foot was removed from the back of my head; I lifted up my eyes, I cast them suddenly

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I

down,

down, confounded by the broad day; I soon raised them again, and by degrees I came to bear the rays of heaven. I was in an immense, circular edifice, crowned with a vault similar to that of the pantheon; but much higher. The whole was of gold polished like a looking-glass; the floor as well as the cieling and the walls. This temple was a rotunda of gold. The vault, pierced in the middle, let you see the sky and the sun, which was passing before the circular opening. One feels what an effect this sight must have produced upon people who, accustomed to live by the glimmer of lamps, believed this extraordinary glare supernatural. It was multiplied by the polish of the walls, which seemed to set on fire the whole edifice. Looking-glasses, hung above the opening of the vault, like those of an optick, painted in their bosoms the exterior objects, and displayed an immense
and

and rural prospect, which must have surrounded this place. All these objects formed a spectacle interesting to all the world, and enchanting for the *Gnomes*.

The High Priest said : “ *Adore the face of your God.* ” I saw that they took the sun for God himself. A concealed voice spoke in the name of the divinity ; and the *Gnomes* would have sworn that it was the sun itself that was speaking. The voice ordered men to practise virtue, and bring presents to the temple. I felt every thing that was striking in such instructions. “ Have you seen, ” said my guide to me, “ a country where God shows himself openly, and speaks to mankind himself ? ”

The priests were perplexed by the knowledge I spread. One day they hastily called to the temple the principal people of the town, and the women who

had the most interest. Every body repaired thither with great inquietude: I was called there like the others. Scarce were we prostrated before the hole above opened; all at once we heard the roaring of the winds, and the fall of a heavy rain, the lightning darted flash upon flash, and seemed to set on fire the polished temple. A horrible thunder storm made every thing tremble, and the noise seemed to re-echo in the outward caverns. Then a voice, which appeared heavenly, pronounced these words: "Tremble; you persecute my ministers, you hinder them from amassing treasures to consecrate them to me, you dare to open people's eyes: tremble."

Every one prostrated himself and trembled. I am not timorous; and a storm is something too common with us, to cause a man any emotion; but I own that in this subterraneous place, the spectacle must

must have been very imposing, to the eyes of a people, above all, who believed they heard the voice of God himself. These poor gentry asked, "*what must be done?*" The priests said to them: "You must mistrust your knowledge not so easily think yourselves more learned than your fathers, fear to make any innovations, especially in a matter so sacred as religion, feel in short that you offend God himself, in not revering his ministers."

Every body shed bitter tears, and promised to repair their faults. They crept towards the place where the rain was falling; each tried to bathe himself with this heavenly water. The priests consoled these *Gnomes*, in making them see that since God deigned to speak to them still, it was a sign that he had an intention to shew them mercy. Indeed the rain ceased, the storm dispersed, the

celestial azure re-appeared, and the sun shewed his luminous face. The people were filled with joy. The vault shut up again, all returned to darkness.— This people, more religious than ever, thought themselves more than any other under the immediate protection of heaven. I admired the advantage to which these cunning priests knew how to turn a storm: (rarely they missed that opportunity to impose on the greatest number, when it presented itself.) I could not forbear laughing, on thinking that wretched miners, buried under the earth, deprived of the sight of heaven, believed themselves its cherished people.

However they made me very quickly cease laughing. I heard them round me, say to the priests: “ ’Tis that
“ wretched foreigner who has drawn
“ upon us the anger of *Grondinabondo* ;
“ do you think that his blood will ap-
“ pease

“ please the divinity ?” My life depended upon these holy ministers. Happily they contented themselves with answering : “ *Wait for the orders of the Lord.*”

He who had conducted me to the temple, re-conducted me home. He appeared to hate me less than the others. Going along he said in my ear. “ Wretch ! are you not struck by the sight you have seen ? Can you but fear a God irritated against you, and who himself announces to you his anger ? Change your conduct ; respect the Eternal in his priests ; if not, the people, upon whom you draw down his wrath, will sacrifice you at his altar.” I saw that the good man had thought to frighten me very much with his storm. I thanked him, in the best manner I could, for his counsels. When I was got home, the king said to me : “ Dear *Merveil*, reflect, I beg of you, upon what you

“have seen, and suffer yourself to be “touched.” My dear *Almanzine* squeezed me tenderly against her bosom; she shed a great many tears, and told me that she would willingly die, if by her death, she could gain my soul to her God. (This sex is always tender and devout.) She moreover made me feel the danger I ran on the part of the people, heated by the priests. I could not help being softened by a voice so touching.

The next morning, after a balsamick sleep, I was arranging in my head, the project of a party of pleasure that I was wishing to execute. All on a sudden I saw enter a little old good man of a doctor, whose aspect by no means inspired pleasure. “Well,” said he to me with an air the most holy and the most mysterious, “what think you of what you saw “yesterday?”——“What I saw yesterday
“day

“day is very simple,” replied I, “I
“have a thousand times seen the same
“thing upon the earth. There is no
“thing there that exceeds nature.”——
“Oh! nature, nature,” said he, “I will
“make you exceed it; I have exceeded
“it myself. I died four years ago. I
“remained with the dead eight months,
“and I have seen the other world.” I
looked wistfully at this man, to assure
myself whether he was laughing or rav-
ing. I saw that he was speaking very
seriously, and with an air intimately per-
suaded. I shewed him but little credu-
lity. “Yes,” said he to me, “I have
“seen the other world! and, if you are
“willing that I should procure you
“death, I will let you see it also.”——
“What is that fine present you wish to
“regale me with?” said I to him:
“what! death!”——“Yes,” rejoined
he, “with poison it will be easy to give
“it you.”——“For the love of God!
“consent that I may poison you.”——

shall I?

I 5

“Hey!

“Hey! but see the impertinent,” cried I, “whilst I am occupied with a party of pleasure, which I am considering of, to come and propose death to me, as a piece of gallantry!” I could not help bursting out a laughing in his face. He insisted, assuring me that if I doubted, he would find a hundred persons ready to certify to me that they had died like himself. I recollected that *Pythagoras* boasted, in *Ovid’s* *Metamorphoses*, of having formerly lived under another form, and consequently of having suffered death. I discovered some analogy between their idea and this fable. My doctor went immediately to fetch me his witnesses, and brought me a score of very grave persons, who all indeed assured me, with the most solemn oaths, that they had died and arisen from the dead. One is very sensible that I did not believe they had really got over this terrible passage, but I said within myself:

“These

“ These people must be very stupid, or
“ their priests must be very skilful im-
“ postors !”

I made these good people prate about what they had seen in the other world. They expressed themselves in an eastern style, in which I could scarce comprehend any thing, except that they had nearly seen, during their pretended death, what we see upon the earth; but there was a great deal of coherency and connexion in what they said, and a great deal of conformity in their language. I sent away these credulous mortals, thanking them for the present of death which they were all willing to make me, and which they conjured me to accept. Each of them had poison at my service.

Scarce had I dismissed them, before I saw enter my dear *Almanzine* all in tears;

tears; she threw herself at my feet, and kissed my hand with the greatest tenderness. "O my dear friend," said she to me, "consent to die, and permit me to die with you!"—"Neither one nor the other, my dear," replied I with warmth.——"What do you fear," said she to me, "if we die together? We shall rise again from the dead together; we shall live together in the other world; we shall there taste an ineffable happiness; we shall enjoy one another." She then drew out from under her robe a vase filled with poison, conjuring me with uplifted hands to be so good as to swallow it. One may conceive that I constantly refused. "Well," said she, "I will set you the example." She was going to drink boldly; when fearful of the reality of the poison, I made the cup fly out of her hands.

She

She dragged me towards the King her father, whom she begged to join her, to engage me to poison myself. "Do her this little kindness," said the monarch to me, with an easy air, as if the most simple thing had been at stake; "she is going to set you the example." I shuddered at the idea of her death. "No," cried I with heat, "I will not suffer it." The King smiled and whispered in my ear: "What! my child, are you so simple as that? Don't you see that this poison is nothing more than a very mild soporifick? Do you believe me capable of letting my daughter die thus out of wantonness? You are very sensible that this idea of poisoning and raising people from the dead, is a prejudice which we suffer to subsist, because we turn it to account. People of education know what they have to rely on. Besides, you will see comical things; 'tis really a party of pleasure."

"pleasure." Nothing more was necessary to make me consent to every thing. "I am ready," said I out loud. *Almanzine* leaped upon my neck, and embraced me for joy.

The Priests entered: they ranged themselves in a circle, and placed my mistress and me in the middle of them. They made us undergo two hours of the most ridiculous ceremonies, and at last gave us the solemn potion. It was a species of opium. *Almanzine* seized it, and greedily drank up half. She presented me the rest which I swallowed without fear. I very quickly felt a cold drowsiness. They put us together upon a bed. We remained there some time seated, with our arms interwoven, whilst they pronounced, around us, the gravest prayers. At last we stretched ourselves out upon the bed, and fell asleep in each other's

other's arms. Our sleep was as profound as a lethargy.

I am ignorant how long I remained in this situation. When I awoke, I found myself confounded, and as if involved in the thickest darkness. I had, in my hand, the hand of a woman; it was that of *Almanzine* who was still asleep. I knew by the feel that we were each upon a sort of armed chair suspended and balanced in the air. I heard a whistling, as if we had split the air by our precipitate fall. "Where am I?" cried I.—"Silence," answered me an invifible person, "we are upon our last day's journey. We have been only two months and a half descending, we go fast, we shall soon arrive at the centre of the earth." In the mean time our conductors sang, and reasoned among themselves upon all the objects they pretended

tended to see pass before their eyes. *Almanzine* awoke ; she squeezed my hand with all her might, trembling. “ O my “ dear *Merveil* ! where are we ? ” said she to me. — “ I don’t know,” replied I, “ but I conceive that they are willing “ to make us believe we are going down “ to the dead.” — “ O my friend,” resumed she, “ let us adore the great God “ *Grondinabondo*.” — “ There is the pro- “ montory of dreams,” said one of our guides. — “ There is the lake of sighs,” said another. — “ Dost thou see down “ there,” said a third, “ the cape of “ vain hopes ? I believe we shall never “ reach it.” My female companion embraced me at each name of a new country. “ Remark,” said she, “ how “ those shades of sailors see every thing, “ while we see nothing. Is not that ano- “ ther miracle ? Will you at present re- “ fuse to believe the holiness of our wor- “ ship ? ” Innocent creature ! she did
not

not perceive, that she was blindfolded like me.

The King had forbidden me to discover the mystery to her; I held my tongue. "Here's a very hot country we are going to pass," cried our guides to us; "hold yourselves tight; for we shall cross it very quick; otherwise we should be suffocated, and sleep for a long time." Was it not pleasant that these people who pretended we were dead, affected to fear that we should be suffocated? We were indeed cruelly heated. They told us that we were passing before the *Tabir*, which is the hell of these people. From there we passed, according to our conductors, before a very cold country, as they said. We accordingly felt a frozen air round us; then they said to us: "Prepare yourselves to cross from top to bottom, the water of a great river that is

"fix

“ six hundred feet deep. It is there
“ that the drunkards are condemned to
“ grow tired.” They then put a funnel
into our mouths, in order that we might
not be drowned, dead as we were sup-
posed; and we felt that they plunged us
into the water. We remained there full
ten minutes, during which time they
pretended that we were descending.
This was a voyage pretty much in the
style of that which they make newly
received Free-masons take. I conceiv-
ed that these rogues, in the darkness
wherein they sported with us at their
pleasure, sometimes approached to us
very hot matters, to make us believe that
we were crossing a hot country; some-
times they surrounded us with ice, at
some distance, to persuade us that we
were in a cold country; and sometimes
in short plunged us into a large deep
tub, to make us imagine that we were
passing through the depth of the water.

xii ”

I knew

I knew what I had to depend upon; but *Almanzine* firmly believed that we were successively travelling over all the countries they named; and that we were, for a month past, really descending into the bowels of the earth. I was not allowed to undeceive her, and I was sorry for it.

At length we arrived in a place called the *Tanner*, and which is like a sort of purgatory; they there shut up their criminals, making them believe they were dead, in order to spare themselves the trouble of taking away their life. There is not in this melancholy abode any suspicion of light, and I may be permitted to give to its inhabitants the name of *Taupes*, to distinguish them from the *Gnomes*, with whom at least one enjoys the light of lamps. They persuade these honest people that they are here in purgatory. The word *Tanner* even means,
in

in the language of that country, *place of expiation*. There is a *Tanner* for the men, and another for the women. They will not let them have any communication with each other, because they might increase and multiply; and how nourish all these people? But they, now and then, suffer the best and most healthy of these *men Taupes*, to unite with women, in a little sanctuary. They grant this favour sometimes to one, sometimes to another. The man enters on one side, the woman on the other; there is a little bed, in lieu of an altar, and there this couple does in the dark what we generally do in the dark ourselves. The children that proceed from this holy intercourse, born in darkness, have no idea of light; but neither have they any need, of it. They do in the dark almost every thing that we do in the light, smell the ambient air of walls and other bodies, and have, as it were, eyes at their fingers ends.

ends. Every thing is administered by the touch in this gloomy empire.

We made with them, groping in the dark, a pretty good meal. I questioned them a great deal: they had ideas that belonged to them alone.

My dear *Almanzine* was fatigued, she fell asleep; I found under my hand, in groping about, a young girl born in this black abode. Her voice had the most touching sound; she was tall, and of the most elegant shape. As they touch each other there, to know themselves reciprocally, she passed, over my face, a hand the form of which was charming, to judge of it by the feel. I felt the most delicate skin slip over my lips: I kissed it. I groped in the like manner for her pretty face, which appeared to me as soft as satin. She assured me that I singularly resembled a certain

Termodille

Termodille, whom she had vastly loved ; and that overlooking my foreign air, I was much handsomer than him. I told her that she had, at the ends of her fingers, eyes that were very favourable to me. I found in her a certain impression of tenderness, that interested me warmly about her ; I made her talk a great deal ; her voice went to my heart. I gave her in my imagination, a figure the most seducing. I was melted even to sighing ; she also sighed. We proceeded to the sweetest caresses ; I reproached myself with committing an infidelity to my dear *Almanzine*, being so near her ; but there was something so striking in my *tête-à-tête* with my dear little *Tatonille*, (this was her name translated into French) she had such pleasant prejudices, that it was not possible to withstand the charms of such a casual amour. I saw, in questioning her, that deprived of light and a thousand other advantages,

advantages, she desired almost nothing. Her brethren did not desire more than herself. So little is requisite to constitute our happiness ! I fully resolved not to leave this dear innocent.

After the repast, they made us drink a new soporifick, that replunged us into the sweetest sleep. I am ignorant how long I slept; I know that before I woke, I was occupied with the most agreeable dreams, and it seemed to me as if I saw the light. I saw it in reality. I opened my eyes, I perceived I was laid upon a bed of rose leaves, in the arms of my dear *Almanzine*, under a bower of myrtle and jasmine. The gilded rays of the rising sun slightly pierced between the leaved branches. I heard the warbling of the birds, that were celebrating the breaking day. I saw shining butterflies fluttering about. I heard the murmuring of a limped stream,

stream, that was running near me ; the heavens were painted in its wave. What a sight, on coming out of the subterraneous regions of the *Gnomes*, and the impenetrable darkness of their purgatory ! I own, that the pleasure which penetrated me, made me for a moment forget my *Almanzine*. I rose with transport, I went out of the bower ; I saw beautiful Nature in all her pomp. I perceived the sun.....Struck with a profound veneration, I involuntarily prostrated myself upon the earth, and adored the planet of light, the visible image of the Eternal. I must acknowledge it, the sensations which struck me at that moment are the most delicious I had ever experienced ! Oh ! how beautiful is Nature ! Oh ! what a palace the Creator has given us ! Oh ! how much our fabricated pleasures are beneath these delights !

Such

Such were nearly the reflections I was confusedly making in the dumb extasy into which I was plunged. I at last thought of my dear *Almanzine*; I felt that my pleasure would redouble, if she partook it; I re-entered the bower. How handsome she was! A tingle veil of gauze covered and let transpire her charms; her skin, whiter than alabaster, blended with a tender hue of the rose, dazzled my eyes. The balm of sleep, the freshness of repose, the flower of health, the serenity of the spot, every thing gave birth within me to burning desires. I imprinted an ardent kiss upon the lips of my mistress; she awoke, she opened her fine eyes, she saw the light, and remained absorbed in a heavenly extasy. I fell upon my knees beside her, with my mouth glued upon her hand. "Where am I?" said she. Dear *Merveil*, is it thee? Ah! joy!.....this is the pleasure of the blessed..... I shall

die with it." I clasped her in my arms, I helped her to quit her bed, and conducted her out of the bower. She lifted up her eyes, she saw the sun, and fell back upon my bosom, almost fainted away. I judged of the torrent of delight that overwhelmed her, by the voluptuousness I experienced myself. Hers must have been a thousand times greater, because all was new to her. One cannot describe such sensations.

She accustomed herself by degrees to this grand spectacle, and her pleasure became calmer, without being less delicious. She looked round us, she admired every thing, the leaves, the flowers, the grass she trod on, the birds that were singing. She leant over the pure water of the rivulet; she saw her image in it, and regarded me tenderly. At each object that struck her, at each pleasure that

she

she experienced, there was always a regard for me.

Almazine was ravishing in this grove where everything inspired voluptuousness. I know not whether my *Julie* ever consumed me by so many flames. I re-conducted this beautiful *Gnomide* into the cabinet of verdure; I laid her down upon the bed of flowers, she must have seen in my eyes the impression of the most ardent desires. I had always been very respectful before her; her sex and her rank imposed on me the greatest reserve; but here, I was not master of the ardor that consumed me, and I hazarded some caresses a little bold. I expected to be thunderstruck by her regards, I saw them serene and even grateful. She congratulated herself on the honour which the god *Grondinebondo* had done her, to choose her to contribute to my happiness: and, seeing that I received

all her favours as kindneffes: “ Ah !
“ my dear friend,” said she to me,
“ you are very good to think yourself
“ obliged to me for consenting to my
“ felicity ! I was forced to constrain my
“ desires in the other world ; but here,
“ this is the abode of recompenses and
“ voluptuoulness. We enjoy the pure
“ intercourse of souls.” That was the
name she gave to the physical pleasures
with which I was intoxicating myself with
her. The poor child ! she refused me no-
thing ; and in granting me all : “ How
“ comical would all this appear,” said
she, “ if I were still alive ! with what
“ pain I should be obliged to resist !
“ But here no more constraint.” She
therefore abandoned herself to my ca-
resses ; and if now and then, solely
through a habit of bashfulness, there es-
caped her an air of resistance, she imme-
diately made me her excuses for it,
throwing that upon the misfortune she
had

had to be too recently deprived of her body. What moments! ah! great God! This pleasure which I gave her was as new to her, as that of the light. It was as adorable for me as for her. I was beside myself: I cried out quite loud, “*my dear Almanzine!*” And I said quite softly to myself, “*Pardon me, my Julie.*”

While we were in enchantment, an infatuating musick, which made itself heard round our bower, re-kindled with us the torch of voluptuousness, in spite of the rays of the sun, that seemed to be bound to banish it. We at length rose; I saw a band of musicians, all of the most florid and dazzling youth of both sexes. They served us a repast, the exquisite dishes of which, without being expensive, gave a new edge to our desires; on getting up from table, we walked in this charming abode: we saw objects which the novice *Almanzine* found heavenly,

and which surpassed my own ideas, although I had seen so many things, and tasted so many pleasures. The two sexes were of a superior beauty; scarcely was *Almanzine* the handsomest of the young girls; there was not one of them with whom I would not willingly have forgotten my dear *Julie*, for a quarter of an hour.

I never saw an abode so ravishing. Its situation appeared to me enchanting; it was a valley nearly square, of some leagues in extent, which surpassed in delights that of *Tempe*; all the advantages which nature and art can display, were here re-assembled without prodigality; so that one here met with enjoyment without satiety. Let any one take the gardens of *Armidia* and all that the poets have dreamt of about *Eden* and the *Elysian Fields*, and he will have but an imperfect idea of this charming asylum. It

is surrounded on all sides by high mountains, which enclose it and make it a singular entrenchment. There, separated from the rest of the universe, one finds happiness. I have never seen people, any where, lead so joyous a life; and what was pleasant, is that all those who were leading it, believed themselves dead. They imagined themselves to be in a Paradise, and this was certainly one. There was not here one girl that was not pretty; I repeat it as a reason, this was the flower of the nation. I saw all the priests of the *Gnomes*. "What!" cried I quite astonished, "has there been some plague that has swept off all the priests?"—"No," answered me a pretty votary: these holy personages are not dead, they daily live, in the other world, which we have quitted; but yet, to recompense their virtues and their labours, God grants them the grace to be able, every day,

“to come quite alive into this world ;
“they alone have that privilege.” I understood the whole extent of the address of these ingenious ministers, I saw their aim in the choice they made of the prettiest girls, to procure them a pretended death, and conduct them into this asylum, where these crafty deceivers had established their seraglio.

The votary with whom I was chatting, was fresh and really inviting ; I voluntarily received from her information about every thing that concerned this country of fairies. “I see a great many
“young people here,” said I to her once ; “every thing leads to voluptuousness ; without doubt love is no
“stranger here, and one even tastes some
“of its pleasures ?”——“One tastes
“them all,” answered she. “This passion, which is so profane in the other
“world, where they desire only carnal
“delights,

“delights, purifies itself in this, where
 “we propose to ourselves only spiritual
 “enjoyments. It is a pure union of
 “souls : but, as we have the appearance
 “of a body; which seems even palpa-
 “ble, as you must observe, we experi-
 “ence sensations which perfectly resem-
 “ble the sensual and material pleasures
 “that we might enjoy in the other life;
 “and the more we have been able dur-
 “ing our pilgrimage, to deprive our-
 “self of those pleasures then forbidden,
 “the more we enjoy them in this abode,
 “where they are purified and allowed.”

—“But,” said I to her, “the priests
 “must be unhappy here; because in
 “short, it is in nature that they desire
 “enjoyments, which you refuse them,
 “no doubt, since they have a body?
 “Besides they are too honest.....”——

“Not at all,” replied she, “they are
 “reputed here all mind; all pleasures
 “are pure for them, as for us; and we

“should make with ourselves a very
“great scruple to refuse them any. Be-
“sides, are they not here our kings?
“Their kingdom is not of the earth, it
“is of this world. Their power is of
“the spiritual order; pure spirits, we
“owe them entire obedience; and we
“dispute each other the glory of serv-
“ing for their pastime. This little re-
“creation is too much their due, for
“all the fatigues they continually en-
“dure with our brothers the living.”—
“Oh! the cheats!” said I to myself;
with their pure intercourse of souls they
began children.

I had conversations regularly every
morning with my votary, and she conti-
nued instructing me in all the customs
of this charming *Elysium*. I asked her
what signified several decorations she
wore, and which resembled marks of
dignity. “These three ribbands you see
“me

“me with,” said she, “announce that
“three priests have condescended to
“visit, at night, their very humble ser-
“vant. These three little strings which
“border each of them, make known
“that these glorious lovers have ho-
“noured me, each three nights, with
“their complaisances; and the three
“spots with which these ribbands are
“marked, indicate that they were pleas-
“ed to forget themselves with me, three
“times each night. The little holes de-
“sign the embraces of the laity dead
“like myself. This crown I wear an-
“nounces that the high priest himself,
“has deigned to let fall, upon his most
“humble servant, his august favours.
“Heaven has not pleased that a desired
“fruit should crown the sacred embraces
“of this holy personage: the years ac-
“cumulated upon his head have not per-
“mitted it; had it not been for that,
“all this empire would acknowledge

“ me for its sovereign ; but at least I
“ bear as many marks of dignity as the
“ most honoured of my female compa-
“ nions, as you may assure yourself by
“ your own eyes ; and I can flatter my-
“ self that my children will occupy the
“ the first thrones in the world.”

“ What do you call your children ?”
said I to her. — “ Yes,” replied she,
“ I have had three from the intercourse
“ with which our lords the priests have
“ honoured me ; and you must know,
“ that all the children who are born
“ from the connexion of our holy pon-
“ tiffs with us, are delivered over to liv-
“ ing foreigners, in order to go and oc-
“ cupy all the thrones of the universe.”

— “ But, since you are dead,” said I,
“ how can you produce children ? They
“ are then only shadows like you ?” —
“ Oh !” answered she, “ our lords the
“ priests

“priests being alive, come here in body
“and in soul: their children have a
“body, at least on their part; but on
“their part only; which really forms
“but half a body; that is to say, a sub-
“stance more pure and more vaporous
“than that of ordinary men. They are
“a species of demi-gods, whom the
“living adore. As for the children that
“we have by men dead like ourselves,
“they are little loves that disappear;
“I know not what becomes of them.
“Without doubt these refined spirits
“go and take a new existence among
“the living, and form what they call
“great men. From thence come pro-
“bably most of our priests.” This
belief of my votary was pleasant;
but I have learned, since, that these
knaves carried off the children in their
infancy, and sold them, as well as those
that were begotten by themselves, to
foreigners

foreigners who made them their servants, so that these little demi-gods, that were to occupy all the thrones of the world, were scullion boys in the kitchens of men. The priests brought up only the young girls who promised to be the prettiest; in general, there were none but young people in this smiling abode. They kept there at most a few old sybils, to take care of the young girls. As for the other women, as soon as they were a little mellow, they made them come to life again; that is to say, they sent them back to the living, where they recounted, till their very last moment, all the fine things they had seen whilst they were dead.

My votary continually excited her passions in reporting to me these details. She gave me to understand that, if I deigned to honour her, she should be very grateful, and that she would wear
with

with pleasure a new mark of dignity from me. I could not dispense with committing, for her sake, a new infidelity to my dear *Almanzine*.

It was forbidden to mount to the top of the rocks which encompassed this *Eden*, upon pain of returning immediately into the other world; and there was no instance of any body having ever infringed this prohibition. This blessed obstacle served only to give me the curiosity to see what they did not wish should be seen. I therefore ascended the forbidden summits; but, not to be discovered, I chose a place where nobody could discover me. I had great difficulty in reaching the wished for ridge. The road was impracticable. I do not believe that, among these dead people, there was one nimble enough to mount there. So the prohibition was made to be observed. On the summit, the spectacle

tacle was admirable. The sea washed on three sides the foot of the mountains. On the fourth side, there was a deep mote, or rather an abyfs that separated these hills from a very agreeable plain, terminated by other mountains, beyond which I am ignorant of what was to be found. Nature and art had worked the rock perpendicular on the side of the sea; this abode was therefore very exactly shut in, and one must have had wings to make one's escape from it. Was it the point of an island or of a cape? This is what I do not know. The sea presented a beautiful prospect. I saw a great many neighbouring islands that rose above the water, like so many nose-gays, but I perceived not one single vessel. I have ever been fond of high places, my soul seems to extends itself in them with the perspective. I passed several hours in enjoying this. My appetite at last obliged me to quit this fine sight.

fight. I descended again with as much difficulty as I had mounted. I returned home, where I found *Almanzine* all in tears, trembling for fear some misfortune had befallen me. "There is none," said I to her, "to be dreaded in this abode. Are you afraid they should kill me? Am I not dead, according to your account?"—"That is true," replied she, wiping away her tears; and I gave her a kiss.

I found the King, who was come to dine with us; he is the only one of the laity who has the privilege of entering this abode, without undergoing the ceremony of the pretended death; but he cared very little to enjoy this prerogative, because, as this place is the empire of the priests, he here finds himself beneath the most simple of that order. However we prevailed on him to stay with us a few days. I laughed heartily
with

with him at the prejudices of these dead people, of all these pretended shadows, among whom there were some very thick ones. His daughter asked me where I had been during my eclipse. I confessed to her candidly that I had been up the mountains. "Good God!" cried she shuddering; and her father smiled. I told my mistress that the spectacle I had seen was the finest thing in the world, and that I would take her thither. She shuddered again. "And what dost thou fear?" said her father to her. "The punishment inflicted against whosoever infringes this prohibition is to return to life? Art thou not willing to return to it?"—"Why not stay here," replied she, "if my dear *Mervail* will stay here with me?"—"No," said I to her, "my dear princess: I must return to the abode of the living."—"I will follow you there then," rejoined she sighing.

After

After that, it was not difficult for us, between the King and me, to engage her to see the top of the hills. It was much more so to hoist her up to them; but we were recompensed for this trouble, by the pleasure of seeing her absorbed in ecstasy, at the sight of this immense spectacle. Let any one fancy the effect it must have produced upon a person who had passed all her life in a subterraneous cavern.

I took a pleasure in observing the steps of the priests, and I soon discovered how they went and came back from one world to the other, according to the idea of these good people. They hardly ever did so by day. The respect they were held in, did not allow their steps to be watched; and moreover they forbade any body, upon pain of returning to life, to approach them during the night. Then, every dead person re-
spectfully

spectfully kept his distance, as soon as he got a glimpse of them. I made myself in secret a priest's dress, in which I sometimes muffled myself up in the dark. Thanks to this garment, the people fled at the sight of me, and I rambled at my ease on all sides to make my observations. At last, I discovered one evening a priest stealing away; I followed him without his perceiving it. I saw him slip slyly into a cleft, which was at the foot of the rock, and which was so well covered with foliage, that I had some trouble to find it, after having myself seen the priest enter it. At the end of an hour or two, I lighted a little dark lantern, and I ran myself into the opening of the rock. I fastened a thread at the entrance, not to lose myself; and I penetrated under the vault, unwinding my clue. I advanced into a labyrinth of turnings and windings, if
ever

ever there was one, where I should have lost myself a thousand times without my helpful thread. I soon came to a little ditch very deep, but not very broad. I there found a plank which served me to pass it, and I went forwards. Scarce had I made a few steps beyond the ditch, before I heard, round about me, the most dreadful cries. I perceived several frightened figures hiding themselves under caverns, and I presently received upon my hands, a blow with a hat, which made my light fall and extinguished it. I conjectured that this blow came from a priest, and that the frightened shadows I had perceived, were inhabitants of what I have called the *Tanner* or purgatory.

Among these terrified figures, I had distinguished a charming one, that could only belong to my dear *Tatonille*. The affecting voice I had known her to
have

have ought only to go with that pretty face; I even thought I recollected that cherished voice, in the shriek it gave. I advanced towards her groping my way in the dark, and I rejoined her; she was trembling from head to foot. "Fear nothing," said I to her, "my dear *Taronille*. Does not your heart tell you who I am?" She recollected me by my voice. "Is it you," said she, "my dear *Merveil*?" and squeezed my hand. I pressed her in my arms, and embraced her. "But is it you," resumed she, "who have just caused us this terrible sensation, which has so warmly affected my eyes? Is that what you call seeing? Is that this new sense of which I had no idea?"—"Yes, you have seen," said I to her, "my dear *Taronille*, and it is I who brought you the light?"—"But are you," rejoined she, "a celestial or an infernal spirit?"—"I come," replied I, "from

I, "from what you call heaven, to
"conduct you thither, follow me." She
followed me. I had not lost my thread;
it served me as a guide to conduct her
towards *Elysium*. I walked, feeling my
way and very softly, for fear of falling
into the ditch which was not far off.
"Range yourself behind me," said I to
her, "else you might take a terrible
"jump."—"Are you speaking of the
"insurmountable strain?" replied she. (It
was thus they called the ditch.) "I
"I will conduct you to the brink; but
"you cannot go beyond." I conceived
that these good people who had not
seen the other bank, although it was so
near, must be ignorant that it existed,
and not be tempted to take the leap.
She conducted me to it nimbly, as if
she had seen plain; and stopped just
upon the bank; saying: "*There we are.*"
I easily found the plank. I took my
little blind girl under my arm; I cross-
ed

ed the ditch ; and we soon arrived at the end of the dark road. I put my hand upon the eyes of *Tatonille*, that she might not see the day but when she was without. I made her at last enter *Elysium* ; I took away my hand, and gave her the light.

She had the misfortune to have the sun strike perpendicularly down upon her eyes at this fatal moment ; she fell backwards in a swoon ; this was natural ; and I ought to have foreseen it. A person who has never seen the day, must indeed find himself in a terrible situation, at the sudden aspect of that deluge of light. Reproaching myself with my precipitation, I took the dear child in my arms, and carried her to the further end of a little gloomy grotto, clothed with verdure. I made her come to herself again. “ Where am I ? ” cried she. “ What conflagration has struck
“ my

“ my eyes ?” She had remained in a convulsive trembling, and shut her eyelids with all her strength. “ Ah ! my “ dear soul,” said I to her tenderly, “ don’t alarm yourself.”—“ Ah ! cruel,” replied she, “ you have sworn my death ! “ What have I done to you ?”—“ My “ dear *Tatonille*,” answered I, “ you “ don’t do me justice ; I only wish your “ happiness.”——“ And you will burn “ me alive !” rejoined she. “ You have “ transported me into hell.”——“ No,” returned I, “ what you have undoubtedly taken for fire, is only the light “ of the sun, which I have talked to you “ about, and which may have hurt your “ sight, because it is not accustomed to “ it ; but I have just removed you from “ that dazzling planet ; and henceforth, “ I shall only let you see the day by degrees, and so as not to fatigue your “ sight. You are at present in a place “ scarce lighted ; open your eyes, my
VOL. II. L “ dear.”—

“ dear.”——“ Rather die a hundred
“ times,” replied she warmly. And she
obstinately leant her hand upon her eye
lids. I begged ; I almost cried ; I kissed
her dear little hands, which were very
pretty. I at last prevailed on her to
open her eyes. She did so. There was
under the grotto only a feeble light,
which she found very considerable. She
rolled about her two eye-balls with a
little stupid air, like somebody that
knows not how to see. “ What is it I
“ feel ?” said she to me. “ Ah ! my
“ dear *Merveil* ! for God’s sake ; do not
“ abandon me !”

At first she fixed on nothing. “ Of
“ all that strikes me, which is you ?”
said she to me. Is it this great figure,
that is so near to me, that seems to
“ make a part of myself ?”——“ ’Tis I
“ who am embracing you,” answered I ;
and I embraced her. “ I distinguish
“ nothing

“ nothing yet,” rejoined she; “ I experience sensations quite new to me; pleasures of a superior order, but which strike me too painfully !” —
“ You will accustom yourself to them,” replied I, “ and then you will be enchanted.”

In proportion as she saw better, she had more pleasure; and at every instant she gave me a kiss so tenderly, that it seemed that this kiss was imprinted upon my very heart. I discovered, in her way of seeing progressively, all the gradations I had read of in the recitals of people born blind, to whom sight had been given. In a word, I taught her to see, and this was the work of several weeks. I led her by degrees, from a feeble light to one more considerable. It was useless at first to show her extensive prospects; that did not strike her in the least; she did not at all distinguish distances, and

she thought that every thing touched her, or rather that she could carry her hand every where. At last she began to discern objects. I was the first that she was able to know. "At that figure," said she, "is alive, all the rest is dead. "One can grow tired of every thing, "but never of that." I embraced her; my eyes must have been expressive. "'Tis a soul that is speaking," cried she, "mine answers it." I carried her to the banks of a rivulet, I made her see her face in the stream. "What is that "other soul?" cried she at this sight.— "'Tis yourself," replied I, "'tis an "image that represents you." She regarded me tenderly, and her eyes asked me if I found her handsome; mine answered her that I found her adorable. I let her pass several days in the harbour. It was necessary to divide myself between my two beauties. I came to visit *Tatonille* every evening; I carried her food;
I took

I took her a walking at sun-set; and I aided, as much as I could, the progresses of her sight. I am going to relate some scenes which I might put down to the account of *Almanzine*, but which appeared to me more striking in her little rival, because she was still more unexperienced than the young princess.

One day the wind was rather violent; the poor child was in an inexpressible fright. "Ah! my dear friend," said she to me, "what is that invisible spirit that would carry us away?" I explained to her what the wind was; she was a long time accustoming herself to its effects; and to that trouble of nature which its breath puts in motion.

The next day it rained; new surprise; new fright; she threw herself into my arms: "Ah! my dear *Merveil*," said

she, "the heaven is falling upon us, it
"would drown us."

Some days after, there was a storm. Her terror was at its height; the lightning made her tremble. But when the thunder began to roll in the vast extent of the heavens, then she flung herself headlong into my arms. "O my friend, save me!" cried she. "He comes, he comes, the great Judge. The end of the world is arrived." She said; and remained motionless and almost fainted away, with her face concealed in my bosom. She bitterly regretted the peaceable state in which she lived in the dark, and preferred it to the misfortune of existing under an open and capricious sky, which incessantly vomited waters, fires, death and devastation.

All the effects of nature, which we do not think of, struck her in a manner
that

that astonished me at every moment, and rendered me surprised at her surprise. The hail appeared to her a deluge of stones thrown from heaven to knock her in the head. A little snow that she saw fall upon the top of a mountain, astonished her without terrifying her. I carried her into an ice-house, where I had inconceivable difficulty to persuade her that the ice was water. I explained to her all the phenomena that offered themselves to our eyes. I made her comprehend nature; but I did not always reconcile her to it. The colours of the leaves, of the flowers, and of the grass pleased her; she also enjoyed those of the clouds of the morning and evening, and the shades of the rainbow; but she always preserved a particular fondness for the night. She passionately loved the stars, and above all the moon; and I plunged her into extasy, when I gave her some astronomical knowledge

of the heavens. I myself studied nature, in making it known to this handsome pupil: and in observing the impression that its effects produced upon her, I was, in my turn, struck with a thousand wonderful things, to which habit renders us insensible, and which I should not perhaps have felt, had I not had under my eyes my young adept.

In the mean time *Almanzine* grew uneasy at my absences, of the cause of which she was ignorant. I took *Tatonille* to her; they were reciprocally surprised at the sight of each other. They mutually admired one another. *Almanzine* asked her rival which figure pleased her most, hers or mine. "Ah! princess," answered her the young ingenuous, "you are an angel, but our friend is a man." They both embraced each other; and here are a couple of friends till further orders.

I passed

I passed some time in this life, which in truth had many delights. I was not sorry, being in the age of pleasures, to taste all those which presented themselves. Dancing, entertainments, parties of every kind varied my days. The sweetest amusements were those of love. I flattered between *Almanzine* and *Tatonille*, my two principal favourites; but besides, the prettiest dead girls of this heavenly abode appeared very much flattered when I sought their favours, and they would have made to themselves a very great scruple to refuse me them. All deserved to have homage paid them, all received mine: so that I might consider this great inclosure as my seraglio; and never monarch of *Asia* had so fine a one.

Those who have read the *Memoires Turcs*, must know the temple of *Jatab* and its happy priests, who enjoyed the

first embraces of all the virgins of the canton. I have a hundred times recalled to mind this enchanting book in my brilliant *Elysium*.

I therefore enjoyed the most happy pastimes, but which affected only the senses: my heart took little share in them; for I did not experience a true love for my two favourites; I wanted to taste the pleasures of the soul. I found myself happier in the mine, when my mind was occupied in governing the *Gnomes*, and teaching them arts which I was obliged to learn myself. There is nothing one so soon grows tired of as pleasures. Besides, I saw that jealousy gave birth to some animosity between my two beauties. At first they did each other excessive kindneffes, which gave me a suspicion of the hatred they reciprocally wished to hide from each other; afterwards this hatred appeared

peared in spite of all their efforts. By degrees they gave themselves less trouble to conceal it, and hell was going to spring up in the Elysian Fields. I felt that, to reconcile these two women, I must separate them : that is to say, take back *Almanzine* to the abode of the living, and leave *Tatonille* in that of the dead, but I was willing to preserve the enjoyment of both. To accomplish this, I resolved to enter into the order of the priesthood. I conceived that, by this means I should have the advantage of going and coming freely from one world to the other, and of possessing the fair in one, and the brown in the other : a culpable project, especially in a lover of *Julie*.

I mentioned this idea to one of the blessed ministers of the religion of the *Gnomes*, who said to me ; " To be a priest, one must be alive, and you are

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dead."

dead." I answered him that I was ready to prove to him incontestably that I was alive ; that moreover it was sufficient to bring me to life with *Almanzine*, who consented to it. This abode began to hang heavy upon her, because she here saw her rival, she was tired of death, and requested that they would restore us to life. They made us again undergo, for our return, some whimsical ceremonies. It was necessary to take a second time the soporifick potion. I knew the right way : but I was not allowed to undeceive *Almanzine*. We were about six hours on the road, there was but a quarter of an hour's journey ; my mistress believed she had travelled at least four months, and arrived wide awake.

I again found, on my return to the mine, the artificial light agreeable enough : but I was not long before I felt that nothing can equal the day. I

was

was soon ordained a *Gnome* priest, with ceremonies pleasantly grave. This new sort of life had its advantages; I went almost every day to see my dear *Tatonille*, and I divided myself between the living and the dead. This variety had something striking. Besides, an infinity of very pretty persons came to consult me on their faults, and to put their conscience into my hands; this procured me a thousand attentions on their part; and I saw that the women have a transcendent and respectful love for their director, when he is young. All these privileges might have some sweets; but it was very painful to me to help to deceive the men, and to build my pleasures upon their errors.

I experienced, in the mine, a new sort of voluptuousness. Since my return, the tender obscurity that reigned in its different recesses, affected me agreeably.

ably. The light of an oil purer than ambrosia, had its graces : it spread upon every object an enchanting illusion. Besides one was, in this abode, secure from the intemperature of the airs, and the alternative of the seasons. The particular situation of these people inspired them with ideas which belonged only to them, and which gave a singular tone to their poetry. Here are samples of it, which I have translated, and which will be passed over by those who are not fond of adventures.

L E T T E R

*From the Gnome SOMBREVAL to
PHOSPHORINE, his Mistress.*

“ What art thou doing, my dear *Phos-*
 “ *phorine*, O thou, more beautiful in my
 “ eyes than the golden lamp that burns
 “ in the sanctuary of the God *Grondina-*
bondo

“ *bondo*, the balsamick oil of which
“ spreads afar the sweetest odours?—
“ Night seems to me to exist wherever
“ thou art not; and without thee I can-
“ not live. In seeking on all sides the
“ precious trace of thy steps, I have
“ often wandered into caverns the most
“ profound, where the hand of men, by
“ a rash light, had not dared to violate
“ the venerable darkness heaped up
“ since the creation of the world. What
“ horror environed me! It seemed as if
“ I were in annihilation, out of the em-
“ pire of nature. Thou approachedst,
“ the sound of thy steps attuned itself
“ to my ear, and announced thee to my
“ heart. I sucked in from afar thy
“ sweet breath, more pure than the ce-
“ lestial air which the blessed dead enjoy
“ in the regions of light. Thy timid
“ voice pierced the august silence of
“ the subterraneous caverns, sweetly
“ calling thy lover, as the voice of the
“ creator

"creator called my soul to life. I
 "seized thy left hand, which thou ten-
 "derest to me in the dark. I pressed
 "it to my heart, which beat with a ten-
 "der trembling. Then the obscurity
 "disperfed; I beheld thee with the
 "eyes of my soul, or rather the obscu-
 "rity had charms, which the most bril-
 "liant light cannot equal. Come then,
 "O my dear *Phosphorine*, come and con-
 "sole a lover who languishes away from
 "thee, who cannot breathe but in thy
 "arms."

ANSWER OF PHOSPHORINE'

"O my dear *Sombreval*, at length thy
 "kind letter, like the open air one
 "breathes upon the banks of the great
 "river, has rendered me soul and life.
 "The High Priest *Profondon* has taken
 "possession of thy mistress, he came
 "and

“and seized me at the instant I was
“praying, upon the steps of the sanc-
“tuary, to the god of the subterraneous
“regions, for the accomplishment of
“our vows, for our speedy marriage.
“He dragged me into the profound
“abyss, that has never seen the light;
“by which one sees every thing. He
“told me that he would make me hap-
“py : but how can I be so without
“thee? He talks to me about a celestial
“abode, whither he will transport me,
“where an eternal lamp, which he says
“is the eye of God himself, strikes
“upon the head of men in the immen-
“sity of space, and furnishes a brilliant
“day, compared to which millions of
“torches are but a spark ; where the
“sublime, azure arch could not be
“touched by millions of pyramids rais-
“ed one above the other in the ages of
“ages. To paint to me this beautiful
“abode, he displays to me inexpressi-
“ble

“ ble ideas which thou alone couldst
“ comprehend; for thou art every thing
“ to me, and thou alone canst render
“ me happy. Dost thou recollect those
“ moments of delight which we glided
“ along together, seated, in a plea-
“ sing shade, upon the banks of the
“ river, whose murmur plunged us into
“ a sweet reverie whilst we perceived at
“ a distance the lights of the town, the
“ rays of which reached us, trembling
“ upon the troubled water? I let my
“ hand repose in thine, and I was un-
“ doubtedly happy, since I desired no-
“ thing more. What can the celestial
“ abode, of which they talk to us, offer
“ us like this situation? Come, my dear
“ *Sombreval*, come and take me away
“ from the High Priest. One single re-
“ gard of thine is worth more to me
“ than all his promises; and whatever
“ may be the asylum he proposes to me,
pains

“ pain and death reign in my eyes,
 “ wherever I see thee not.”

SOMBERVAL to VOUTONDO, *his Friend.*

“ O my dear *Voutondo*, heart more
 “ pure than the gold that composes the
 “ tabernacle of the God *Grondiaabondo*,
 “ it is to thee I hold out my arms, from
 “ the bottom of the abyss in which I
 “ am groaning. O my friend, every
 “ thing is lost for me! The beautiful
 “ *Phosphorine*, the pride of nature, whom
 “ the God of the *Alfondons* regarded
 “ with complacence, exists no longer
 “ for me. The High Priest *Profondon*
 “ has judged her worthy of his august
 “ embraces, a sublime honour which I
 “ pay with my tears, and which causes
 “ those of my mistress to flow! He had
 “ carried her off and shut her up in a
 “ deep subterraneous cavern, under the
 “ sanctuary

“sanctuary of our divinity, sacred asy-
“lum, from which the oracles rise up,
“to resound in our ears. He would
“then transport her into the land of life,
“an abode elevated above our heads,
“where we cannot be admitted till after
“being stripped of this frail covering
“in which languishes our exiled soul.
“She groaned at a project that was her
“glory, she a hundred times preferred
“breathing with me in the subterrane-
“ous caverns, to enjoying far from me
“immortality, in the countries of ether.
“They condescended to introduce me
“to her presence, in the profound abyss
“inaccessible to all mortals. The High
“Priest had ordered her to drink the
“fatal potion of death. She was lan-
“guishingly extended upon the funeral
“bed. Already her eyes were swim-
“ming in the eternal shade. The pale-
“ness of death was spread upon her
“beautiful cheeks. Never was she so
touching;

“ touching; never was she so handsome
“ She squeezed my hand, with her dy-
“ ing hand. I saw her fine eyes revive
“ an instant, to bid me the last adieu,
“ and soon close in the sleep of death.
“ I saw her fine soul fly towards the
“ abode of happiness, regretting her
“ lover, whom she preferred to heaven
“ itself. My rent heart bled cruelly.
“ She carried away my life. Thick
“ shades spread themselves before my
“ eyes; fugitive shades, why have they
“ not been of longer duration? My
“ soul, at present, would fly after the
“ heavenly soul of my dear *Phosphorine*,
“ and unite itself for ever with her;
“ whilst my body would sleep with
“ hers, in the peaceful tomb. I would
“ have killed myself to follow her; the
“ High Priest forbade me, and has cho-
“ sen to attach me in spite of myself to
“ this perishable life. My dear mistress
“ is no more than a shadow; her divine
“ charms

“ charms are extinguished. This an-
“ gelick body is without doubt buried
“ under the earth; they have stolen it
“ from my embraces, and I remain here
“ alone, like the solitary lamp that
“ burns under a remote vault, where no
“ mortal carries his steps. I shed tears,
“ like the plaintive fountain, whose
“ water strained through the rocks,
“ flows, murmuring, under the resound-
“ ing caverns. But wherefore grieve?
“ My *Phosphorine* is happy; she sees
“ heaven openly; she breathes beneath
“ the rays of that great eye of nature,
“ the image of which we sometimes
“ perceive in our sanctuary.—The
“ supreme Pontiff, in a sacred asy-
“ lum, honours her with his holy fa-
“ vours. He enjoys the charms of
“ *Phosphorine*, which are as beautiful as
“ those of her real body, although she be
“ no more than a light shadow. Alas!
“ it is even this that torments me. May
“ I venture

“ I venture to avow to thee a secret
“ that should be buried in the most pro-
“ found abyffes ? I believe that my foul
“ dares be jealous of the happiness the
“ High Priest enjoys, with that of my
“ mistress ; and the pleasures he tastes
“ strike daggers to my heart. Pardon,
“ O my God, weakneffes which I de-
“ plore. Come then, O dear *Voutondo*,
“ come and fortify my virtue and my
“ faith ; come and console a friend who
“ now has nobody but thee in this
“ world.”

PHOSPHORINE to SOMBREVAL.

“ I salute thee, my well-beloved ; I
“ write to thee from the celestial abode
“ where I breathe pure ether, where I
“ am enlightened by the eye of God
“ himself. May an idea of the ineffa-
“ ble happiness I enjoy escape towards
“ thee,

“thee, and paint me to thy mind in thy
“happy dreams! Although I breathe
“in another universe than thee, although
“I be stripped of that terrestrial body,
“in which your enamoured soul deign-
“ed to find charms, I still am occupied
“with thee. Yes, thou art as near to
“my heart, as when I lived near thee,
“beneath our solitary vaults. In short
“to see thee at my sides, would be for
“me the summit of happiness. Oh!
“how much have I wished for thee!
“How many tears I have shed at the
“feet of the High Priest, to conjure
“him to give thee death also, in order to
“make thee live here with thy love;
“tears superfluous and perhaps crimi-
“nal, since it is not allowed to shed
“any in this beautiful abode!

“How shall I paint to thee the para-
“dise I inhabit. I should have new
“words for new ideas. How represent
“the

“ the azure vault as vast as thought,
“ for the height and for the extent.
“ What a torrent of light, when the
“ God of the heavens travels over it
“ during the day! What an august
“ spectacle, when the moon and mil-
“ lion of stars sparkle in it during the
“ night! What beauty in the majes-
“ tick clouds that walk over it! What
“ a smiling prospect is that of the
“ country! Ah! if thou wert tread-
“ ing upon the enamelled turf, if thou
“ wert reposing on the shade of the
“ green trees, if thou wert breathing
“ the balm of the flowers, if thy sight
“ was losing itself in the bluish pro-
“ spects, if thou wert listening to the
“ concerts of the birds and the har-
“ mony of nature, if thou wert seeing
“ the sky painted in the mirror of the

“waters! Ah! my dear *Sombreval*,
 “why dost thou not enjoy with me all
 “these wonders?”

“If thou didst know the goodness
 “with which the supreme Pontiff ho-
 “nours me! Wouldst thou believe
 “that he distinguishes me from all the
 “celestial inhabitants that adorn this
 “place, and deigns to visit me every
 “day? He does more, O my friend,
 “he deposes with me his sovereign
 “Majesty, and deigns to take before
 “my eyes that softened air and those
 “amorous regards, which merited thee
 “my adorations. He conducted me
 “into a solitary bower, the charms of
 “which nothing can equal. He there
 “condescended to cover me with his
 “kisses. I saw him imprint his burn-
 “ing lips, almost upon every part of

“ my body; for, although pure spirit,
 “ I preserve the appearance of my
 “ mortal coil, in a manner so striking,
 “ that faith alone is capable of making
 “ me believe that I have not its reality.
 “ In short, the High Priest plunged
 “ me into torrents of voluptuousness,
 “ and loaded me with careffes which,
 “ for a moment, deprived me of my
 “ senses. O my dear *Sombreval*! shall
 “ I dare to own thee my crime which
 “ love alone can absolve? In the
 “ arms of the Pontiff, I was occupied
 “ only with thee; when he was ho-
 “ nouring me with his august favours,
 “ I would have wished to receive them
 “ from thee; and I should, I think,
 “ have returned them to thee with
 “ more soul. He has several times
 “ renewed these voluptuous scenes. I
 “ bear in my womb a fruit of his chaste
 M 2 “ embraces.

“ embraces, a spiritual child that will
 “ be born, to occupy one of the
 “ thrones of the earth. I wish to bring
 “ it into the world, in order to return
 “ to thee; for he has deigned to pro-
 “ mise me that then he would restore
 “ me to life, to join me to my lover.
 “ He even tells me that I shall be able
 “ to taste, in thy arms, a shadow of
 “ the pleasures I have tasted in his.
 “ O my well-beloved! It is perhaps a
 “ crime to believe it; but with more
 “ love, they will perhaps be greater.

“ What art thou doing, in the mean
 “ time, dear soul of my soul? While
 “ I am swimming in a torrent of de-
 “ lights, thou art weeping for me with-
 “ out doubt; thy steps wander in
 “ the solitary grottos, upon the most
 “ distant banks of the great river;
 “ thou

" thou askest me of the cavernous
 " echoes, and thy groans roll under
 " our resounding vaults: thou seekest
 " me wherever we have breathed to-
 " gether, in the days of our intimacy:
 " thou spreadest thyself upon my tomb,
 " thou warmest with thy kisses the cold
 " stone that covers my body; and thy
 " days are only a long night, the pain-
 " ful hours of which drag on in
 " mourning. However I dare to en-
 " joy, upon the flowers, the sweetest
 " pleasures. Ah! I reproach myself
 " with them, since thou partakest them.
 " not! I would sooner weep again with
 " thee, under our gloomy caverns,
 " than be happy far from thee. I
 " hold out my arms to thee across the
 " worlds that separate us; console thy-
 " self, our joint happiness will soon
 " commence; yes, I shall soon depose
 " the august fruit of the Pontiff's em-

"braces, and I shall suddenly fly back
 "to life and thee. Adieu, my well-
 "beloved; my shade embraces thee;
 "may my kiss repose itself upon thy
 "lips!"

SOMBREVAL to VOUTONDO.

"Applaud me, my dear *Voutondo*, I
 "am at the pinnacle of happiness;
 "may my unbounded joy diffuse itself
 "in thy soul! My dear *Phosphorine* is
 "come back to me from the mansion
 "of death; I saw her more beautiful
 "than the light, more dazzling than
 "millions of torches, crowned with
 "those brilliant flowers, which grow
 "in the abode she has quitted; she
 "held out her arms to me, trembling
 "with a sweet joy. I am come to life
 "again

“ again with her; and the supreme
 “ Pontiff, the same who honoured her,
 “ in the other world, with his em-
 “ braces, has deigned to unite me to
 “ her by a sacred tie, which renders
 “ me possessor of her charms. Who
 “ could describe to thee the ineffable
 “ pleasures I have tasted with her, un-
 “ der the auspices of hymen? She
 “ boasts that the High Priest made her
 “ shade feel similar ones, when she
 “ was in the celestial abode, and that
 “ she has brought into the world a
 “ spiritual son, this is her term, who
 “ will undoubtedly occupy one of the
 “ first thrones of the world. Wouldst
 “ thou believe that this indifferet and
 “ fatal confidence adulterates a little,
 “ if it be possible, the pure love I
 “ bear her? It is to no purpose that
 “ she tells me it is her soul alone that

M. 4,

— that

" has conceived and given birth to a
 " son, I should find her body more
 " pure, if she had a virgin soul. Shall
 " I even tell it thee? This High Priest,
 " whose careffes, they tell me, are so
 " honourable, and merit so much gra-
 " titude, inspires me with I know not
 " what that exasperates my heart
 " against him. *Phosphorine* tells me
 " that he will perhaps condescend to
 " come again and visit her in the nup-
 " tial bed. Let him come! I will
 " punish his insolence. I thought I
 " saw in his looks, when we were at
 " his feet, when he united us together,
 " a something jeering, I will even say
 " knavish. Pardon so many blasphemies.
 " It is the excess of my love
 " that extorts them from me. My
 " jealous delicacy startles at the shade
 " of my mistress having flown into
 " other arms than mine. I would be
 " alone

"alone to make her happiness, as she
 "alone can make mine. But let us
 "banish the gloomy ideas heaped up
 "in my soul, like hurtful shadows;
 "let us enjoy without alloy the plea-
 "sures that Heaven accords us. Come
 "my dear *Voutonda*, come and be wit-
 "ness to our felicity, and procure
 "thyself a similar one in the arms of
 "thy mistress."

These few letters must suffice, I think,
 to give an idea of the style of the
Gnomes.

In the mean while, all the extrava-
 gant prejudices of this subterraneous
 country began to tire me; the more so,
 as being a Priest, I saw myself doubly
 obliged

obliged to respect them. I would gladly have endeavoured to open the eyes of some *Gnome*; but the King had made me swear that I would not speak good sense to any body. "You would," said he to me, "get yourself assassinated to no manner of purpose; what do I say? assassinated! the Priests having admitted you into their order, would consider you as a traitor; and there is no torture they would not make you suffer."—"But can your prejudices," answered I, "be more absurd?"—"I agree," replied the King, "that they are of an insufferable absurdity. I see clearly, from your education, that your country must be much more enlightened; and that, consequently, your religious tenets must approach much nearer to reason." (I found this phrase very cavalier.) "Give me I
"beg

"beg, an idea of them," said he to me one day; "perhaps one might, by degrees, be able to substitute them to ours: or at least correct one by the mixture of the other."

At this proposition, I felt within me laudable desire of propagating our holy faith; and, like a new missionary, I made to the King, in the best manner I was able, a clear and methodical exposition of what we are taught in our infancy. I was an apostle without mission; I confess it to my confusion; and I am so ashamed of it, that I do not well know whether I should here relate the effect of my sermon. Let my bad success be attributed to the unworthiness, to the ignorance of the Minister.

I wished to go and make proselytes elsewhere; for I daily grew more and more tired under ground. One very well

well feels that I should have been far from staying there so long, if they had not detained me in spite of myself. I might ask for every thing I chose, except my dismissal. While the novelty lasted, this habitation had pleased me by its singularity; but, on the end of two years, the infernal vault of this mine hung very heavy upon my shoulders.

An unforeseen accident furnished me with the means of quitting this abode. The deputies of the nation went regularly, as I have said, to carry their gold to the inhabitants without, and receive provisions in exchange. They learned, one fine morning, that the upper country, which nourished them, had just been conquered by a neighbouring Power, and that, consequently, there were no more provisions to be hoped for.

for, unless they made an agreement with the conquerors.

They immediately sent Deputies to the General of the victorious troops. "He was," they told us, "a very tall man, very polite, very free, and very merry." Our people went to find him; they understood his language no more than he understood theirs. They recounted to him, explaining themselves how they could, that they resided under the earth, in a golden town; that they formed a numerous people. He told them, that this must be curious; that he would perhaps make a tour to visit them. They answered that he would see some very fine things; but that, if he would suffer himself to be poisoned, they would let him see still finer. In a word, they talked to him, according to the prejudices

dices of their religion, which were truly comical. He laughed at them most heartily. "My good people," said he to them, "you are very droll; but it is not possible for me to contract with brains like yours. Yet, what to judge of your nation by its deputies?" He wrote them a short letter which he gave them saying: "There is my answer, carry it to your masters."

This answer was unintelligible for them. I asked them, on their return, what news from this General; they answered me that he was very agreeable, and that he said a great many words like those which I pronounced in my anger.

The Priests exercised his letter; and, after having put it upon the altar, summoned it juridically to reply, and explain.

explain its contents. The letter remained mute. They wished in order to punish it, to condemn it to the flames; but life was depending on it, for they were in want of provisions. At length, after having sought all sorts of means, the last they thought of was to apply to me. They came and begged me to perform the most efficacious operations, to force the letter to explain itself. The whole operation, on my part, consisted in reading it, translating it at the same time to these subtle people. It was in *French*; judge of my surprize. Here is the tenor of it.

“ They have sent me extravagants,
“ who have told me they were deputies
“ from a people that live under
“ the earth. If there exist a people
“ so privileged, I present them my
“ compliments on the occasion: I understand

“ derstand they are in want of bread,
“ that we must supply them with some;
“ I am not averse to this; but let them
“ at least send me some rational per-
“ son, with whom I can make conven-
“ tions. These noble Ambassadors
“ have told me absurdities; and have
“ very politely invited me to suffer
“ myself to be poisoned in order to
“ see some fine things. These extra-
“ vagances may make one laugh; but
“ one does not advance a step there-
“ upon. To the Gnomes, greeting.”

(Signed) “TROMBON TONNERRE,
General.”

I explained this letter to the worthy Senate, to the Prince and to the Ambassadors, who were quite astonished. It would never have entered their thoughts that they were taken for extravagants. But, how to do to treat
with

with the singular man who wrote to them? What Deputy to send him? They again sought for a long time; it was necessary to find somebody that could talk with this foreigner; they passed every body in review, one after the other, and they saw nobody capable of executing this commission: at last they thought of me, when they no longer knew whom to think of.

They sent me therefore, with two *Gnomes*, in quality of Ambassador, to offer gold to the conqueror, and ask him for provisions in exchange. The *adieux* of *Almanzine* were extremely tender, though she depended on seeing me again the next day. She shed tears, and I was affected. To enable me to make a greater impression upon the foreign General, they dressed me in my sacerdotal habits, in all their solemnity?

nity? and they assured me that, on seeing me in this equipage, all the Kings of the earth were to kneel before me. I departed with all the ceremonial requisite; I descended the river, and I at last saw the broad day. I had already enjoyed it in what the *Gnomes* called *Elysian Fields*; but it was in an enclosed place; and only for some little time; whereas as present I found myself in the open air, I fully intended not to return to my cage; and I even flattered myself to find my *Julie* again.!

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.



